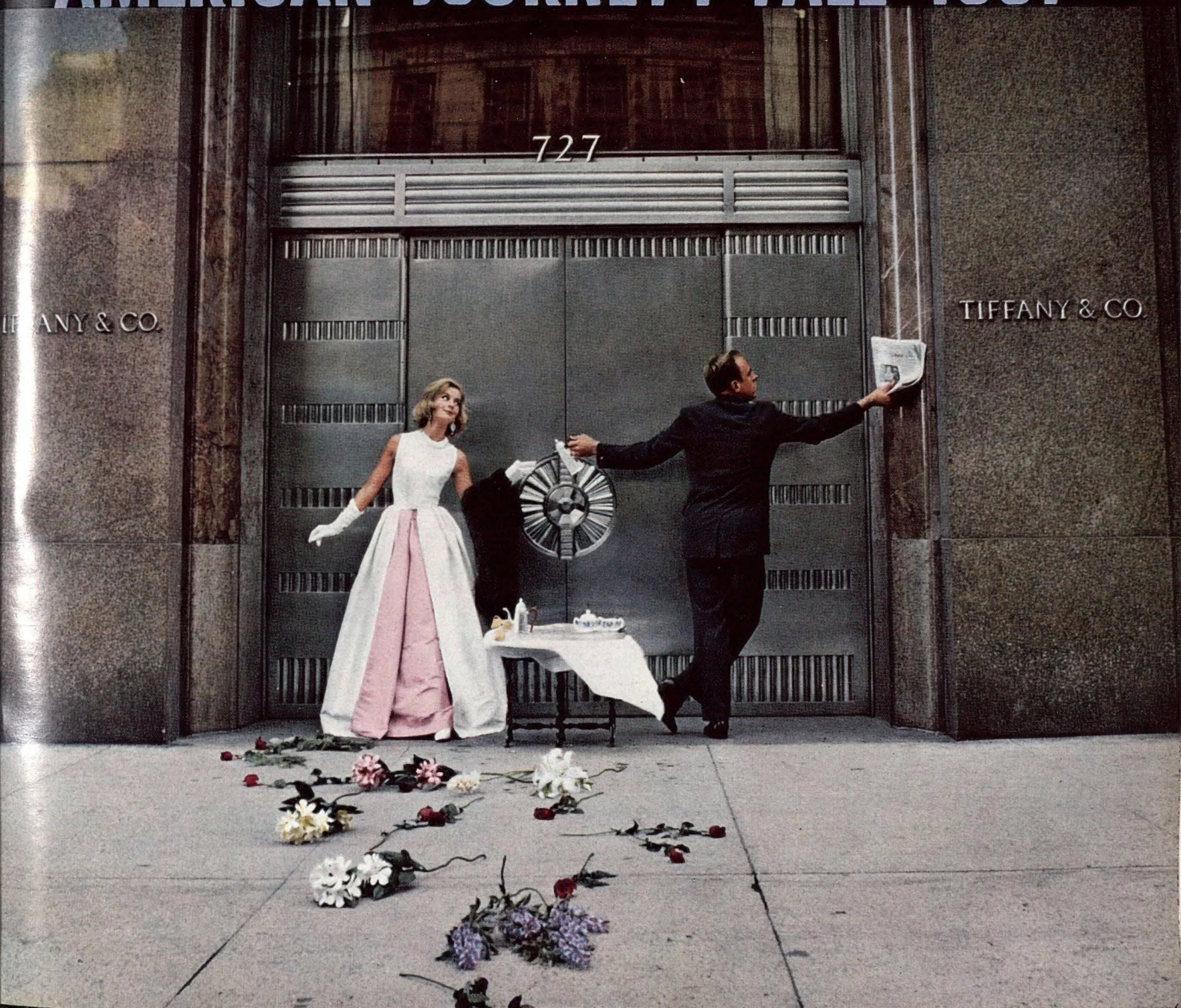


THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 22 Nov. 1961

AMERICAN JOURNEY: FALL 1961





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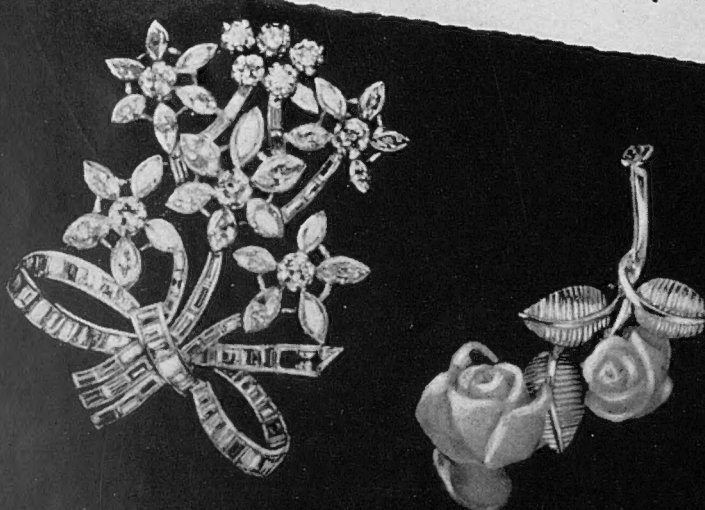


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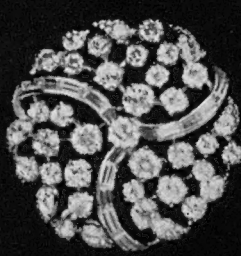


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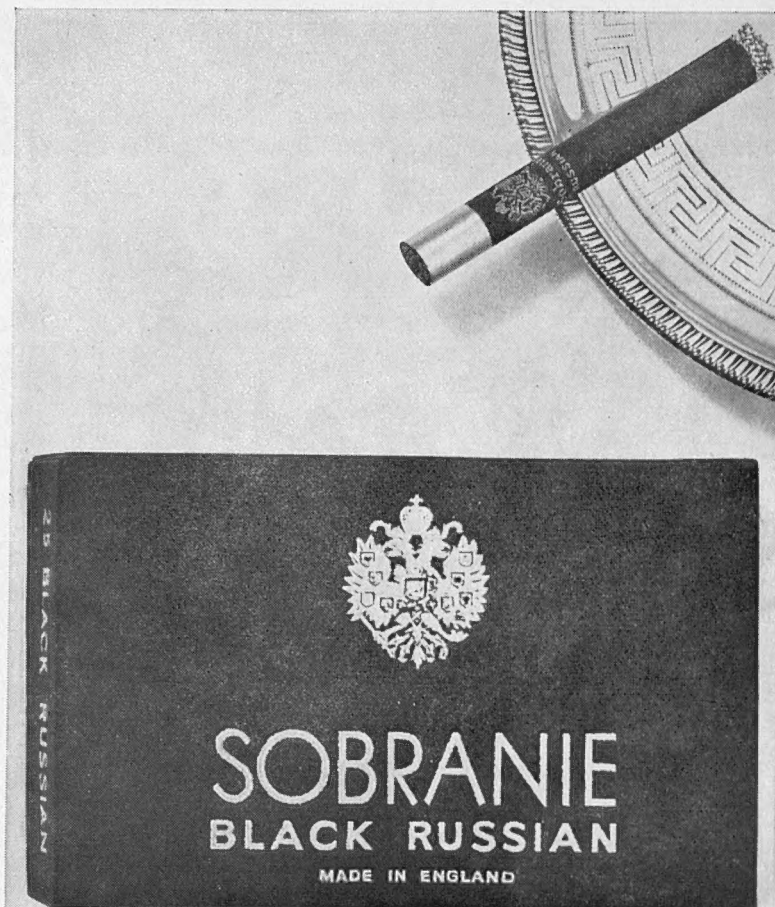
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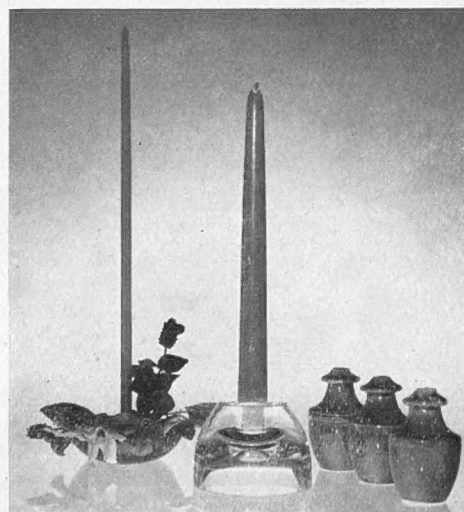
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1961

FALL

JOURNEY:

AMERICAN

THE Tatler

AND BYSTANDER

2s 6d WEEKLY

22 NOVEMBER 1961

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Breakfast at Tiffany's in our cover picture needed the kind of preparation that begins long before the streets are properly aired. It was the first picture taken for the Tatler's American journey and the group (left) includes fashion editor Elizabeth Dickson and photographer David Sim. The English model girl in New York wears a white and pink wild silk ballgown from the Donald Brooks Custom Collection and a sable stole, both at Henri Bendel

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GOING PLACES

IN AMERICA

Thanksgiving Day: 23 November. Nation-wide religious and family festival with Macy's Parade of Balloons heading New York City's major spectator events.

World's Fair, 1962: Opens at Seattle, Washington State, 21 April. **National Holidays:** Lincoln's Birthday, 12 February; Washington's Birthday, 22 February.

Tobacco Festival in May at Jamestown, Virginia. (See page 570.)

NEW YORK

Musical: Metropolitan Opera House, Broadway & 39th Street; New York Philharmonic, Carnegie Hall, 7th Avenue & 57th Street; New York City Centre (opera and ballet), 131 West 55th Street; recitals and chamber music, Town Hall, 113 West 43rd Street. Jazz clubs are in Greenwich Village, in the mid-town area and on the lower east side of Manhattan.

Theatres: Only a few of the 30 "Broadway" theatres are actually on Broadway; most are in adjacent streets bounded by 8th and 6th Avenues. "Off-Broadway" shows are in tiny scattered playhouses, notably in Greenwich Village.

Exhibitions: New York Coliseum, Columbus Circle & 59th Street (exhibitions, conventions, trade shows). R.C.A. Exhibition Hall, 40 West 49th Street.

Sport: (ice hockey, boxing, basketball), Madison Square Garden, 8th Avenue & 5th Street.

Sightseeing: There are bus tours all year round. Boats to Statue of Liberty run all year too. The world's most spectacular ferry ride, Manhattan to Staten Island, costs one nickel (5 cents).

Special events

December:

Christmas Displays and lighting of the huge Christmas tree at the Rockefeller Centre and Plaza, between 5th Avenue and Avenue of the Americas (6th Avenue), from 48th to 52nd Streets.

New films and a Christmas stage show featuring the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet and Symphony Orchestra are at Radio City Music Hall.

Christmas shopping displays: Department stores such as Macy's, Gimbels and Saks, 34th Street, and the elegant shops of 5th Avenue and Madison Avenue.

American professional football: Polo grounds, 8th Avenue & 155th Street; Yankee Stadium, River Avenue & 161st Street, Bronx.

January:

Motor Boat Show: New York Coliseum, Columbus Circle & 59th Street.

February:

Chinese New Year, Chinatown, from Mott to Doyer Streets and from Bayard Street to Chatham Square, 5 February.

March:

International Flower Show, early March.

St. Patrick's Day Parade, 5th Avenue, 17 March.

PHILADELPHIA

Musical: The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra gives regular concerts at the Academy of Music

where the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company also performs.

Theatres: Four that try out Broadway productions; also important "little theatre" groups.

Sport: Boxing and wrestling at the Arena; professional football played by the Eagles. College sports by the University of Pennsylvania and other college teams.

Tours: Places of historic interest include Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776 (the Liberty Bell is kept there); Congress Hall (which housed Congress from 1790-1800); the U.S. Mint; the Edgar Allan Poe House; and the Betsy Ross House (Mrs. Ross was commissioned to make the first American flag in 1776).

Special events

December:

Christmas displays at local stores— Lit Brothers, Strawbridge & Clothier, Gimbel Bros., Snellenberg's and John Wanamaker.

January:

Mummers' Parade, 1 January, converts Broad Street into a vast stage of costumed mummers strutting to string bands.

February:

Home Show.

March:

Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show. **Flower Show.**

WASHINGTON

Music: National Symphony Orchestra concerts.

Theatres: Broadway productions at the National and Shubert Theatres.

Sport: The Redskins, local professional football team (playing until 1 January); professional ice hockey by the Washington Presidents.

National Buildings. Open to the public: The U.S. Capitol; the White House; National Archives; Supreme Court Building; Library of Congress; Lincoln Memorial; Jefferson Memorial; Ford's Theatre (where President Lincoln was shot); Mount

Vernon (George Washington's home) and the Washington Monument. Tours also of the Folger Shakespeare Library; the Federal Bureau of Investigation; the Pentagon; the Voice of America broadcasting studios and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Special events

December:

Pageant of Peace: (week before Christmas), White House grounds.

Lighting of Nation's Christmas Tree: White House grounds, 24 December.

Christmas shopping displays: Woodward and Lothrop, 11th & F Streets; Kann's—7th, 8th & D Streets; Lansburgh's—between 7th & 8th Streets at E Street; Hecht's—7th and F Streets.

BOSTON

Musical: Winter season concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Symphony Hall.

Theatre: Boston is the traditional try-out town for the new Broadway productions, at the city's five theatres.

Sport: Professional ice hockey by the Bruins. Collegiate events by Harvard University. New England's winter resorts are within easy reach.

Tours: All visitors to Boston should follow "Freedom Trail," a walk through Old Boston, via the Old North Church, Faneuil Hall, Old South Meeting House, Old State House, and Paul Revere's House. Harvard University, Cambridge, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.) are a few minutes by subway from the centre of Boston.

Special events

December:

Christmas Festival.

Store Christmas displays: Stearn's, Filene's, Jordan Marsh, Conrad & Candler, and Gilchrist Co.

Mid-March:

New England Flower Show.

BRIGGS by Graham





David Sim

GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES

Dizzy Gillespie, top trumpet player, jazz ambassador and pioneer modernist plays here in Birdland, New York's famous night spot. Gillespie, at the moment touring England—his third visit—has done several goodwill tours of Europe and Latin America subsidized by the United States State Department. His act includes a certain amount of clowning

THE JUNIOR JUNIOR PROM

PHOTOGRAPHS: DAVID SIM



Strictly speaking it's only a preparation for the Junior Prom—a good many years away yet—and after that maybe for the Graduation Ball. There's no shortage of enthusiasm or partners (see pictures above) at the class for eight-year-olds run by Mrs. William de Rham in the ballroom at New York's River Club. She is seen (centre right) demonstrating the Twist. It's a dance that's strictly extra-curricular—the children pick it up from big brother and sister. For the adult version turn to page 560





It doesn't take long to get acquainted at Mrs. de Rham's classes—she runs them all over America—soon the beginners are swinging it with the best. Below: Wallflowers don't last long either—this one is booked for a partner before he is very much older





Iain Crawford

The booming & the bizarre

IN THE RUNNING TO BECOME THE TOP CLUB FOR TYCOONS IS ALAN CARR'S new **Persian Room** in Berkeley Square. He took over the old Mayfair Club from Leslie Romaine when the Caprice moved into his Empress Club in Berkeley Street. Then, he changed the name to the Persian Room and went on serving some of the best food in London. Special attractions for the internationally peripatetic businessman are first the reciprocal facilities—affiliation with leading American clubs like the New York Athletic, the Harvard in Boston and the Jonathan Club in Los Angeles; second, barman Sidney Reed who shakes Manhattan with the mostest in town and, third, the splendid room upstairs for private dinner and cocktail parties where you can stand on the balcony overlooking Berkeley Square and listen for the nightingales. The subscription is 5 guineas and the food and drink—a good wine list strong on clarets—at modest West End prices. As only proper in a tycoon's club, the managing director, Mr. Carr himself, takes your order.

Round the corner, one of Chelsea's oldest night-spots is still off-beating along. **The Royal Court Theatre Club** is now in its ninth year and under the bizarre direction of owner-manager Clement Freud it shows no signs of flagging. Mr. Freud, who combines club-running with selling tobacco, writing about football and food, a TV series and various other activities including a wife and almost four children, must be the only

club proprietor in London who gets up at 7.30 a.m.—having gone to bed at 3. The Royal Court has 4,000 members at a guinea a year each and offers good food—Mr. Freud is delighted to talk about it, he knows 90 ways of cooking potatoes—and an expertly chosen wine list, cabaret and dancing in a dark room with a faded plush atmosphere. Most of the members are young and appreciate being able to eat roast duckling with orange sauce for 10s. 6d. and buy a bottle of Ronald Avery's excellent Pomerol 1950 for 20s. 6d., or a carafe of wine for 12s. 6d.

Mr. Freud, who revels in his talent for commercial eccentricity, sends funny newsletters to his members making bargain offers of food and drink—e.g. whisky, gin and brandy at 1s. 6d. for a fortnight or all-in four course meals with as much wine as you can consume for 39s. 11½d.—and introduces the cabaret acts himself.

Cabaret Calendar

Talk of the Town (REG 5051) *Julie Wilson and the Ten O'Clock Follies*

Pigalle (REG 6423) *George & Bert Bernard star in Extravaganza, a large-scale spectacular show*

Society (REG 0565) *Glamorous songstress Dinita Bari*

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Jon Pertwee, comedy and impressions*

Celebrity (HYD 7636) *Max Wall Show, an all-star spectacular production*

Colony (MAY 1657) *Daphne Barker, songs at the piano*

Hungaria (WHI 4222) *Jill Day*



Cleo Laine is in cabaret at the Savoy



John Baker White

Index for Americans

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

AMERICANS WHO LIVE IN OR KNOW THEIR LONDON WELL HAVE THEIR favourite hotels and restaurants, but on the whole they don't want American cooking. Many restaurants, however, serve Chicken Maryland, and I have had a good one at the **Exeter Room** in the Strand. **Garners** in Wardour Street—Leicester Square end—make a speciality of corn on the cob. The **Dorchester**, like its neighbour **Grosvenor House**, is a favourite resting place for visiting Americans. I have one friend who gravitates between the Dorchester Bar, a good place to meet wartime colleagues of "Torch" days, and the re-designed Burleigh grillroom at Grosvenor House. Many Americans make a point of lunching in the grill room at the **Westbury Hotel**, where the cooking is English and French.

The bar at the **Connaught Hotel** is a favourite evening meeting place for Americans, especially in the diplomatic set, and often they stay on to dine in the grillroom. Others have their cocktails at **Claridge's**, whose card indexes have many famous American names in them, some covering two or more generations. Some go to the **Ritz**. With many Americans on tour a meal in the Elizabethan Room at the **Gore Hotel** in Queens Gate, in the Edwardian splendour of **Rules** in Maiden Lane, or at Niki's **Chez Luba** in Chelsea is regarded as essential. Others like to "go French" at **Chez Cleo** in Harrington Gardens, while some go to the **Magic Carpet** in Chelsea's King's Road, not only to eat well but to be shocked, pleasantly, by the nudes on the walls. I believe that their public display is still forbidden in certain American states.

Visitors from the U.S. like good meat, and one of the places they go to find it is the **Black Angus** in Great Newport Street, off the Charing Cross Road. **Simpsons in the Strand** is another favourite place for lunch, as is the **Cheshire Cheese** off Fleet Street. Quite a few of

my transatlantic friends have discovered the Carvery in the **Regent Palace Hotel**, where they can carve for themselves from prime joints.

Many Americans eat as well as stay at the **Carlton Tower**. They know that in the Rib Room they can get the finest of Aberdeen Angus meat and in the Chelsea Room international cooking of high quality with the best of English service. **St. Stephen's**, literally within the shadow of Big Ben, is another place on the visiting list. This, I believe, is the only restaurant in the world that has a Division Bell to summon Members of Parliament from their dishes to their duty in the lobbies. Finally, if asked where I would take an American who wanted to go somewhere unknown to most of his countrymen, my answer would be by the Belle to Brighton, to see the Royal Pavilion and the lovely crescents. **Wheelers**, the new Starlit Room on the top of the **Metropole**, and **Abinger House** are but three of the restaurants where we would be certain of getting a good meal.

Wine note

Ever since the accidental discovery, in 1860, of the *pourriture noble*, "the noble rot," and the scientific understanding 20 years later of its significance, the words *Château Yquem* have brought a sparkle to the eyes of wine-lovers. The *château*, which in the past has given us the quintessence of Sauternes, is now offering us a new wine of 1959, known simply as "Y". Its colour is lovely, its nose full and luscious. It is a dry wine of outstanding quality but naturally limited in quantity. Its retail price will be about 22s. 6d. per bottle. Cook, Russell & Ashby Ltd. are handling it in this country for Barton & Guestier of Bordeaux who bought from the Marquis de Lor-Saluces the entire 1959 crop of "Y". He calls it *un grand vin sec*, and I, for one, would agree.

And a reminder . . .

Plato's, 83 Wigmor Street. (WEL 7867.) Good and inexpensive Greek cooking.

La Réserve, 37 Gerrard Street, W.1. (GER 5556.) Now run by Mr. Louis Freeman. Expensive, but of outstanding quality.

Coq d'Or, Stratton Street, Piccadilly. (MAY 7807.) Celebrating its jubilee

this month. Expensive but good, with an outstanding wine list.

Trattoria dei Pescatori, 57 Charlotte Street. (LAN 3289.) Jolly good for fish in the Italian style.

De Vere Hotel, De Vere Gardens, Kensington. (KNI 0051.) Go here for the speciality dishes Poulet Vin Jaune et Morilles and Paella Valenciana.



New York City: Looking north at Times Square

Below: The Fulton Fish Market

*Doone Beal**It's a wonderful town*

OF ALL THE CITIES IN THE WORLD NEW YORK IS PROBABLY THE ONE THAT attracts the most predictable clichés. "Fun for a short while," people say at cocktail parties in S.W.7, "but I couldn't stand the pace of living there." The answer is that no New Yorker attempts to keep up the visitor's pace except when, with his traditional hospitality to strangers, he takes you out on the town for one night—and probably beds at nine for the following three to get over it—while the visitor, boosted by benzedrine, vodka, martinis and something in New York's atmosphere that is akin to a draught of pure oxygen, pursues the dizzy round that leads him to say he could never live there in the first place.

Checking in at Idlewild airport, while jets were screaming into the heavens at the rate of three a minute, I sympathized with the immigration officer who mopped his brow at me and said quite simply: "Whatever flight were you on?" The impression that New York is all bustle and neon and efficiency is an erroneous one. The service even in stores like Saks is donated by salesladies who are in no kind of a hurry, while taxi drivers like to conduct a debate on international affairs as they feel their way through the traffic jams, and often they have ample time to do so. The men who serve you breakfast coffee and scrambled eggs in the drugstore can be as loquacious as the proverbial Irish barmen. In fact, New York's whole charm lies in its enormous variation of both pace and flavour.



Photos: H. Armstrong Roberts

New York's restaurants benefit from the fact that it is a city of expatriates. At **San Marino** on Second Avenue you meet Tony Guinoni who comes from Bologna and produces better Italian food than can be found in Italy. At the **Auberge de France** on West 56th, off Fifth Avenue, one can fare similarly on genuine French cuisine. And at the **Mandarin**, 133 West 13th, is some of the best Chinese food I have tasted. The Irish community straggles along Third Avenue in the Forties with notable places like **Tim Costello's**, whose dun-coloured walls are decorated with cartoons by the late James Thurber, or **P. J. Clarke's**, with long bar, sawdust floors and a few dining tables, where there is little menu choice but good food, and where the talk tends to be communal. Talking *à deux* is catered for charmingly at **Tony's Wife**, a pleasant supper haunt on 55th between Lexington and Third with recessed tables and sound-proofed acoustics.

Another place to which the knowing New Yorker will take you by the hand is **Sweet's** in Fulton Street, just near the fish market. But if you dine there it has to be before 8 p.m. More conventionally, **Pierre's** on East 43rd is the place to go—specifically for an amusingly crowded atmosphere and the general bonhomie of the management as well as for the food. A place to see and be seen at in your best—but preferably if somebody else pays the bill—is the **Colony**, which richly deserves its fame and international status.

A pleasant local custom is that of taking a ringside seat at a cabaret bar and watching when you feel like it, then moving on to the next in the restless way that, more than anything else, typifies the true New Yorker. Places that welcome this type of casual custom include **The Living Room**, **Johnny Johnson's**, **The Entertainer** and **The Most**, all of which are quite close to one another between Second and Third Avenues around 48th Street. They liven up from 10 p.m. onwards, but they might seem to be surprisingly intimate and discreet if you have come armed with preconceptions of Manhattan by night.

For a more expected view of New York try perambulating Times Square which offers the full treatment with slash-bargain stores, flaring neon, gum, juke-boxes and jazz. And visit, if only for minutes, because the decibels can be quite deafening, **The Metropole**, where Cosy Cole and his band are true exponents of Dixieland music. The night I was there, a Puerto Rican shoeshine boy, not more than nine years old, was beating Bongo drums given him by Cosy on the pavement outside.

What does all of this cost? New York is emphatically not a city to attempt on a shoestring budget. I warn against two major pitfalls. First, have breakfast at the drugstore round the corner because breakfast served with telling ceremony in your hotel bedroom runs into the five dollar bracket. Second, it is poor economy to stay anywhere less than central. Unless you are a devotee of the public transport system, the wear and tear on shoe leather and the cost of taxis can more than balance out the price of a good hotel. The elegant and comfortable **St. Regis**, from which you can walk practically anywhere, charges from 17 dollars for a single room.

The Algonquin, a little farther downtown on West 44th Street, has perpetuated the legend of its famous Round Table and remains the Mecca of the theatrical and literary fraternity. Its bar and restaurant are both expensive and highly esteemed rendezvous, especially post-theatre. Its bedrooms, though, are remarkably reasonable at from 10.50 dollars a single, including private bath. The Algonquin also has the type of service that explains why those who know it never stay anywhere else.

HOW TO GET THERE: *B.O.A.C.'s economy 17-day excursion—a breeze of a flight—costs £125 return. By turbo-prop Britannia, £114 6s.*



Photos: H. Armstrong Roberts

Hotels along 5th Avenue. Below: City Hall

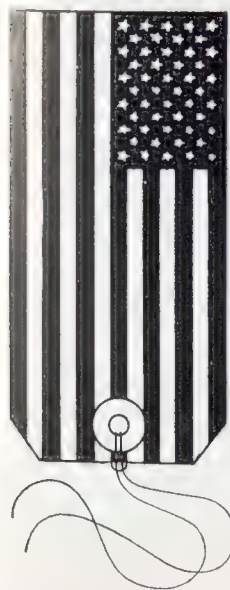


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THE PRESIDENT GOES TO A HORSE SHOW



Argentina's Carlos Damm Jr., winner of the President of the United States Cup at Washington's International Horse Show, receives his trophy from Mrs. Kennedy. Looking on is Mr. Harvey M. Spear, president of the Washington International Horse Show Association, who also attended President Kennedy (right) on his arrival at the National Guard Armory. In a perceptive survey of U.S. society overleaf Muriel Bowen makes the point that in America the horse tends to get more social recognition at shows like Washington's big annual event than at the race meetings. Pictures by David Sim

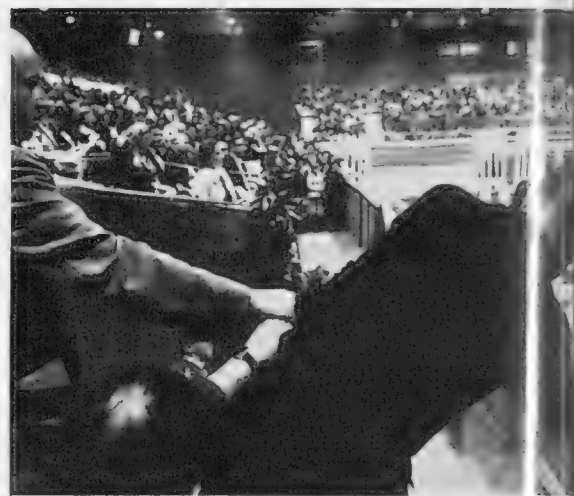


THE PRESIDENT AT A HORSE SHOW

continued



Left: Mr. Ross Hubbard, Mrs. Edward Pryor from Bath, England, and Mrs. George Morris. Top left: Miss Matilda Bell from Yorkshire and Mr. C. Joseph Burns. Right: Two colleagues hold on to a photographer leaning from the White House Press box to snap Mrs. Kennedy



Social still registers

BY MURIEL BOWEN

A BOOK CALLED *Who Killed Society?* HAS PRODUCED a coast-to-coast torrent of protest in the United States. The reason is easily given: never has social activity been so widespread and vigorous in the United States, and never have there been so many people dying to get in on it. Society, of course, isn't what it was, but then it never is. The Old Guard gets bored or dies and hands over to heirs who take a different look at things. A new era is born, one in which scientists are invited *en masse* to dine at the White House. There are those who mourn Mrs. Astor and the 400, the Vanderbilts and their horses, Newport with its yachting fraternity; but they get fewer every year.

In Baltimore I was once told that being in society only ended with being buried at a certain church in the Green Spring Valley by the most fashionable of the city's undertakers, Mr. Jenkins. The story is told of a man who, having secured a burial plot, remarked that though his family might not have made Valley society in life, at least they would enjoy the privilege of

joining it in death. The whole picture is changing so much. True, the Rockefellers still make an impact, but the Astors of America are no longer to be reckoned with so much in business or in social life. Their places have been taken by the Kennedys, the Henry Fords, and the William Paleys. The aim now is a society of achievement. Money still counts, but people who have made a career in business, the professions, and the arts are coming much more into the picture. Adlai Stevenson was always "in" and so were a handful of the Senators from New England, but politicians as a race are slowly becoming more socially acceptable.

The English social scene puzzles the Americans just as theirs puzzles us. They can never understand why at our parties and receptions nobody ever says a word to anybody unless formally introduced. To be Southern Irish and British like me is the ideal background for savouring the American social scene. With that sort of background you can be agin what everybody else is for, or vice versa, and without any effort

at all get the whole place convulsed in mirth. In fact, you are allowed the rare privilege of treating the whole thing lightly. The image of society grows more complex and more ambivalent with age. But one thing is certain: New York does not represent a social challenge or a romantic myth to be aimed at by an affluent society. There are so many big American cities with their own excellent social life that nobody need feel socially strangled just because he lives in Denver or Detroit. This is possible because the cities are large and go-ahead, also, no time is lost in capturing new talent. A newcomer may criticize, but far from asking him to go back to wherever he came from they put him to work. He may be asked to take charge of something like fund-raising for the Community Chest group of charities. He's in the social swim at once, so is his wife and family. Charity is considered the most valid of reasons for having fun. The victim himself won't realize for a long time that he has taken over a laborious task that a native son otherwise would have had to do.



Tension among spectators in reserved boxes. Left: In the front row, from left, Mrs. Harvey M. Spear, Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Mr. Harvey Spear & Mrs. Kennedy. Top left: Back seat spectator gets a close-up binocular view on events

Then there are the balls at which *débutantes* come out, each one a custom that goes back as far as several hundred years. Like the Philadelphia Assembly that claims to go back to 1744, and St. Cecilia's Ball at Charleston, South Carolina, founded in 1747, the glamorous Mardi Gras balls in Louisiana, the Cotillion in Baltimore. The world of the American *débutante* is perplexing. In some cities it is sufficient for the family to be in the local edition of the *Social Register* for a girl to be invited to the best dances. But to be on the "official list" of *débutantes* in Baltimore it is essential to be "registered" at Downs, in other words to make the fact known at a stationer's shop in Charles Street. Layers of snobbery still surround the American coming-out season which gets into its stride the first week in December. The most important step in Baltimore towards getting on the list at Downs starts at the age of six with the campaign to get a child into the right dancing class. Such things as age qualifications for the dancing classes are as rigidly upheld by the organizing committees as they are by the Jockey Club. 1 November is by long tradition the deadline, a child unlucky enough to be born on 2 November has to wait another year.

The great coming-out balls in country

houses—increasing in England—have long since declined in America. Coming out is done most fashionably at the big local ball for *débutantes*. An American father never feels that he has to tell you why he has not given his daughter a season in New York. For one thing there is no need for it. He hasn't got to think of her afterwards going off to the typing pool and a bed-sit, in a big city where she knows nobody.

American entertaining is a curious amalgam of formal and informal. I've dressed for dinner, even when it's only a private party of eight, more often in Washington than in London, but I cannot recall a country house I've ever stayed at in America where there was dressing up in the evening. Country house week-ends are relaxed occasions where the ability to swim, to ride a horse well, or hold your own at tennis are more likely to bring a second invitation, than the ability to converse on the international situation. Horses are much more the preserve of the landed gentry than they are perhaps anywhere in the world with the exception of France. Though there are 36 packs of foxhounds within 50 miles of Washington the number of people in the city who hunt could be counted on the fingers of both hands. It is not that they are against hunting, it is just that it takes too much

time. Racing, too, doesn't have the social support it has in England; there is still a puritan attitude towards betting. Even so, there are great moments like Derby week in Kentucky. Horses get more social recognition at shows than on race tracks. For the National at Madison Square Garden in New York hundreds of women come in long evening dress with white gloves. For years people said that there could be "nothing like the National" but in the past three years Washington has produced an international horse show every November which is no way inferior in either the standard of the horses or the glamour of the audiences, while in Philadelphia the Devon Horse Show is the official start of the summer season.

There are so many facets to America's social life, notably the search in Washington for new and exciting ways to entertain distinguished visitors and heads of state. There is much more entertaining in big business where glamorous and talented wives have never had so much scope before. There are the women's luncheons—gay, witty, provocative, frightfully chic in matters of dress, and run with a vast talent that makes each woman feel that she is important to the occasion. Incidentally, I've read *Who Killed Society?* It's a who-dun-it that has misfired.

The Canadian Ambassador, Mr. A. D. P. Heeney, & Mrs. Heeney talking to Mr. Pierre D. Salinger



Guests gathered in the John Quincy Adams Room following the concert which was held in the State Department Auditorium



DEAN RUSK GIVES A PARTY

The United States Secretary of State and Mrs. Rusk were hosts at a concert given by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's symphony orchestra to celebrate the 16th anniversary of the United Nations. The performance was followed by a reception in the John Quincy Adams Room at the State Department



The Secretary of Defence, Mr. Robert S. McNamara



PHOTOGRAPHS: DAVID SIM

Mr. Dean Rusk, Secretary of State, with his wife (left) and Mrs. John Foster Dulles



Impresario Sol Hurok with pianist Van Cliburn and (seated, centre) Mr. Van Cliburn's mother



Left: Mr. Philip M. Stern, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, Mr. McGeorge Bundy and Mr. Theodore C. Sorenson

Below: On the terrace at the State Department with a floodlit view of the Washington Monument



Right: Commander Tazewell T. Shepard Jr., Naval Aide to the President, Mrs. Shepard and Miss Letitia Baldrige



IT STARTED IN VIRGINIA

Hector Bolitho makes a sentimental journey to the earliest American colony and discovers an unsuspected link between the English throne and the first President

WHEN Britons think of a journey across the Atlantic their first image is the fabulous skyline of New York and the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"—an "unsolicited gift," incidentally, from France. Then the Britons are inclined to think north, into Cape Cod Bay; to sigh at the memory of the Mayflower and her cargo of disgruntled Puritans, and to believe that they were the first brave adventurers to make their homes in the New World. They seldom contemplate the more romantic voyage, from the Thames, across the Atlantic and into Chesapeake Bay, in the wake of the first English colonists who sailed in 1606. These "Virginians" had already suffered the hells of starvation, murder and even cannibalism, to establish the first permanent colony on the American continent, when Iroquois Indians were still hunting moose over the land that is now New York, and the Mayflower had not even been built.

For those who enjoy the ghosts of history that make the land and the sea come alive, this is a splendid journey. Some ships still sail from the Thames for Newport News, near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay; and the Briton of today can make the voyage in memory of the three little vessels, the *Susan Constant*, the *Godspeed* and the *Discovery*, that set out on their terrible adventure on 20 December, 1606. There were only 105 colonists on board, and the three little ships were so small that they could all be moored happily in the dining saloon of the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Today, the traveller can make the journey in comfort and peace. In 1606 it was a horror, and the behaviour of the sailors was as mean and savage as the storms they survived. Four months passed and it was not until 24 April, 1607, that one of the colonists, George Percy, wrote, "wee desiered the Land of Virginia. The same day wee entred into the Bay of Chesupioc." Twenty-two years had passed since the "Virgin Queen" gave her name to the new land, and at last Englishmen went on shore to make it their own... for as long as the whims of history,



always a fickle jade, would allow them.

You can still sail by the way that they went. Entering the embrace of Chesapeake Bay you can recall the delight of the sailors, on that clear April day, as they scattered English names on the land they saw—Cape Henry and Cape Charles, after the sons of the King, and Jamestown on the island they found and made their home. In a mood of nostalgia they remembered their last sight of the Thames and, looking across the alien water from their island, they called the far shore the “Surry side.”

All these names have survived and you can walk where these first colonists walked, along the edge of Jamestown Island. Most of the houses they built within their fortress are now little more than outlines in the earth, but the path from which they saw the “Surry side” is there, with the imprints of feet to increase the illusion that you are walking in the deep shadows of the history of colonial America. It was there that John Rolfe walked with Princess Pocahontas before he married her and brought her to England, to be received by King James I wearing her “hat and ruff” and moving her fan “like a civilized fine lady.”

From Jamestown Island you may cross to the mainland and drive to see the tall chimney, all that survives of the house that John Smith built, in the English style, for King Powhatan the father of Pocahontas. The image increases as one thinks of the Indian ruler sitting on his throne, with the crown and robes sent him by King James. They were cousins in the mystique of monarchy, for Powhatan also believed in his divine right, and that whereas the rabble would die back into the dust from whence they sprung, his spirit would dwell immaculately and for ever, beyond the Allegheny Mountains.

The best centre from which to explore this part of Virginia is, of course, the restored town of Williamsburg. It is near all the memorials the Briton might seek, from the first colony of 1607, to the defeat of the redcoats at Yorktown in 1781. There is a good deal of controversy about Williamsburg as it is today. Until 1699 it was known as the Middle Plantation; then the capital was moved there from Jamestown and beautiful government offices, palaces and mansions were built; also the proud College of William and Mary, designed by Christopher Wren. It must have been the cradle of gracious living, until the capital was moved again, to Richmond, in 1780. Then decay set in: the cattle and the buttercups returned to crowd the paths of government, and Williamsburg became a picturesque ghost of itself—until Mr. John D. Rockefeller came along with his millions in the 1930s and decided to restore it. Now you can stay there in comfortable hotels and watch the snooty tourists who smile at the sparkling newness of the Capitol, the Palace, the Raleigh Tavern and the Court Green; the cobbled streets, the horse-drawn carriages, the town criers, and the genteel ladies in crinolines

scrapping Mendelssohn on their violins. But the smile is unjust: Mr. Rockefeller has used his imagination as well as his fortune in restoring Williamsburg; and in a century or so I am sure that Christopher Wren himself could walk through the town without a frown.

So stay in Williamsburg and drive to the places of interest in nice, tidy historical order. First, six miles to Jamestown Island where the story begins; where beautiful life-size reproductions of the Susan Constant, the Godspeed and the Discovery are moored alongside the quay. Then cross back to the mainland for an incredible surprise. In 1608 the colonists built a little glass factory there, beside the water. It was lost under the loam of more than three centuries, until, in 1931, a farmer who owned the land was out walking in the woods one day when he kicked up a piece of slag that caught the sunlight. He began to dig, and he found the Glasshouse with its furnaces, dead and forgotten. Today you can stand beside the tumbled little furnaces and realize that here, 363 years ago, a group of English colonists dared to plan the first industry in a land that has made a god of industry. It is one of the most humble and touching sights in all America.

From the Glasshouse beside the James River, we drive across the peninsula to the south bank of the York River and to Yorktown. Nearby are some of the battlefields, all tidily kept and labelled, that bring our thoughts forward more than 170 years—to the day in October, 1781, when Lord Cornwallis surrendered with his army of 7,000 men to Washington and the French; to the day also, five weeks later, when the news reached Downing Street and Lord North “opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, ‘O God! it is all over!’”

I know Yorktown well: I have spent long hours in the house where Cornwallis lived and I have absorbed the emotions any Briton might endure as he moves over this land, where the terrible cleavage between the two countries was cut so deep that it did not seem they would comprehend each other again. But the battlefields are tranquil now and as you leave Yorktown and cross the river into Gloucester County you come on a new theme in the Anglo-American story; a theme that leads to the hopeful thought that history learns to heal its wounds.

The next peninsula, between the York River and the Piankatank, is bright with English names, and the land is divided by countless streams that make it seem like a natural Venice. Beside the streams are the mansions of the early planters who made their fortunes out of silk and tobacco. The mansions were usually built just that much more than an arrow shot from the edge of the water, because of the belligerent Indians passing in their canoes.

Life in these big houses was elegant, if dangerous. Today, except for appalling hurri-

canes, the danger has passed, but the elegance endures. I have lived in Gloucester County, in a house dating from 1650, with its own oyster beds and a small lagoon for delicious soft-shell crabs. Sometimes we visited neighbours by boat; often we went to houses where as many as 20 sat down to dinner. There was a flock of vague, coloured servants, opening gates and doors, taking one's coat and waiting at table, in beautiful silence. It is a hangover of elegance that has nothing to do with the mid-20th century, or with the rest of America.

One of these mansions, near the Severn River, which also runs into Chesapeake Bay, is named Warner Hall. I went there one day, in winter; to the little family cemetery beside the water. The house is mostly Victorian, but with chimneys and a wing left over from the mid-17th century building that was burned down. In the cemetery were flat old tombstones that the planters had brought with them, already engraved, from England, leaving only the date of death to be added by a local mason. I was led to the stone I was seeking: it was covered with snow which I wiped off with my glove so that I could read, *Augustine Warner, born 1611, died 1674*.

Augustine Warner emigrated to Virginia in 1650 and became a rich planter. If you ever go to Virginia, make this journey from the battlefields and the dark memories of Yorktown to this flat tombstone beside the Severn. The family tree that springs from Augustine Warner's name is incredible. One of his descendants was George Washington. Another was General Robert E. Lee. Another is Queen Elizabeth II, descended from this mid-17th century Virginian planter through a marriage into her mother's family, in 1853.

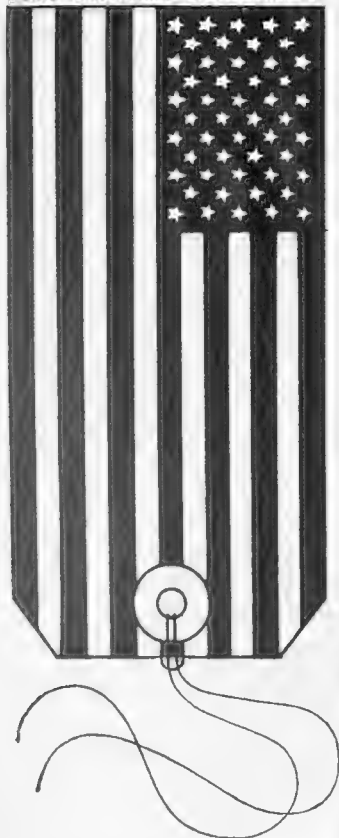
So you may leave the fair land of Virginia with a sentimental glow, in the realization that our sovereign is a remote cousin, by blood, to the first President of the United States. This suggests a reason for the next and last span of our journey. It is difficult, but possible, to sail up Chesapeake Bay, into the Potomac River and to Mount Vernon, George Washington's mansion, 15 miles from the capital.

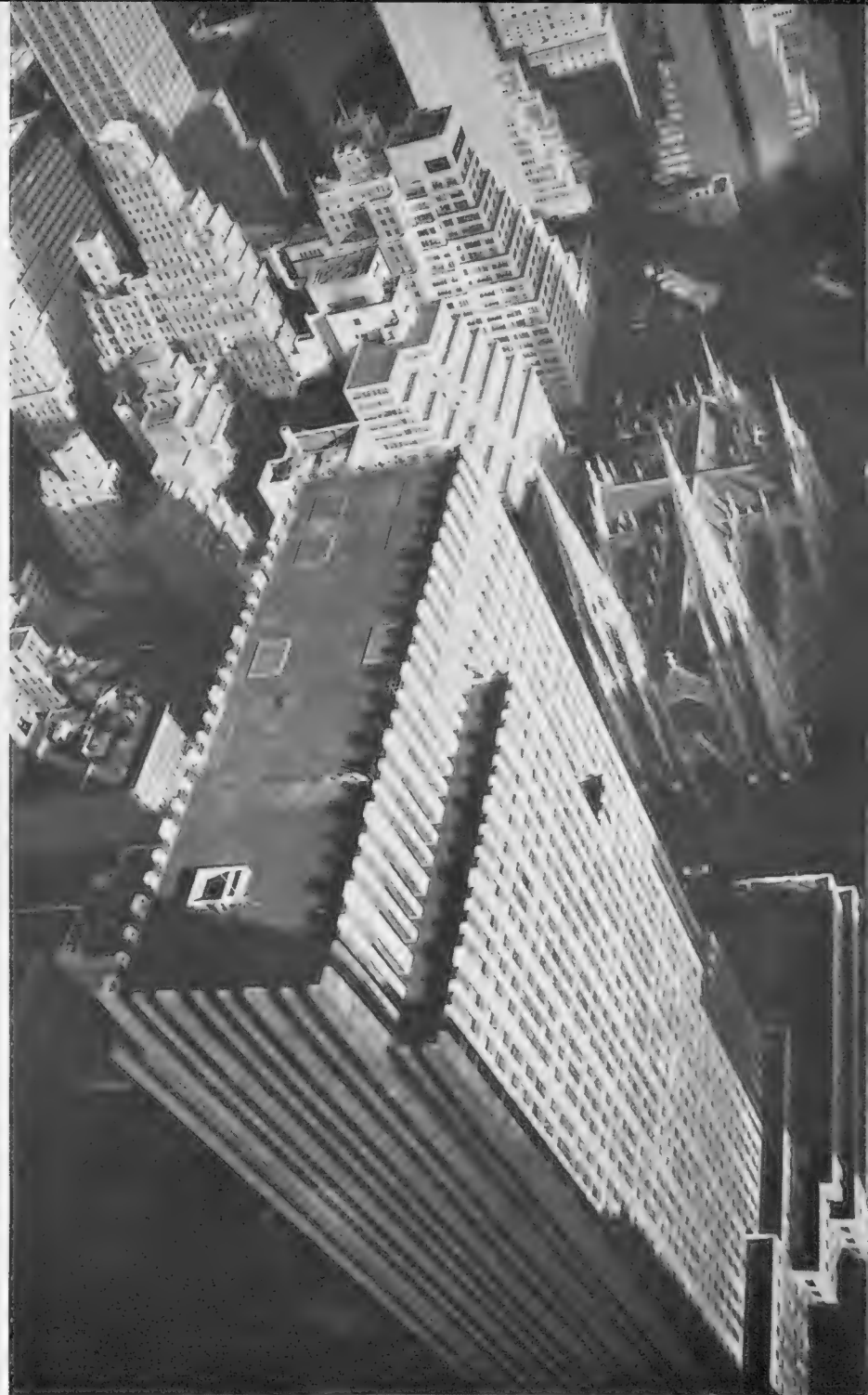
We can enjoy the succession of rooms with their early American and English furniture, ending with the bedroom in which George Washington died. It is a place for reflection, as we think back over the turmoil of Anglo-American history, and it all seems to lead into a theme of reason and manners as we walk from the house and into the park. There is Washington's tomb, beside which Edward Prince of Wales stood in October, 1860, to plant a chestnut tree—an act of “historical retribution” that encouraged *The Times* correspondent beside him to write, hopefully, “It seemed that the great-grandson of George III . . . was burying the last faint trace of discord between us and our great brethren in the West.”

© Hector Bolitho, 1961

ALL OVER TOWN

AMERICAN JOURNEY





Up-town from Rockefeller Center, down-town from Brooklyn Heights or all over town in a speeding police car it's the visitor's New York with all the views and excitements the guide books talk about, plus a special sense of drama only found where buildings climb into the sky. David Sim begins here a ten-page photographic report on the big city by night and day



The rod-rider, the free-loader, the bum of American legend has his own hide-out on New York's West Side and is not without a certain pride of profession as evidenced by the chalk-written signs above. Proud, too, the West Side kids (*top*) with ice hockey sticks and boots grating on the city asphalt. Prouddest of all for New Yorkers is Central Park (*right*) a pleasure of walks and hump-back bridges and autumn-shot trees against the cliffs of big business

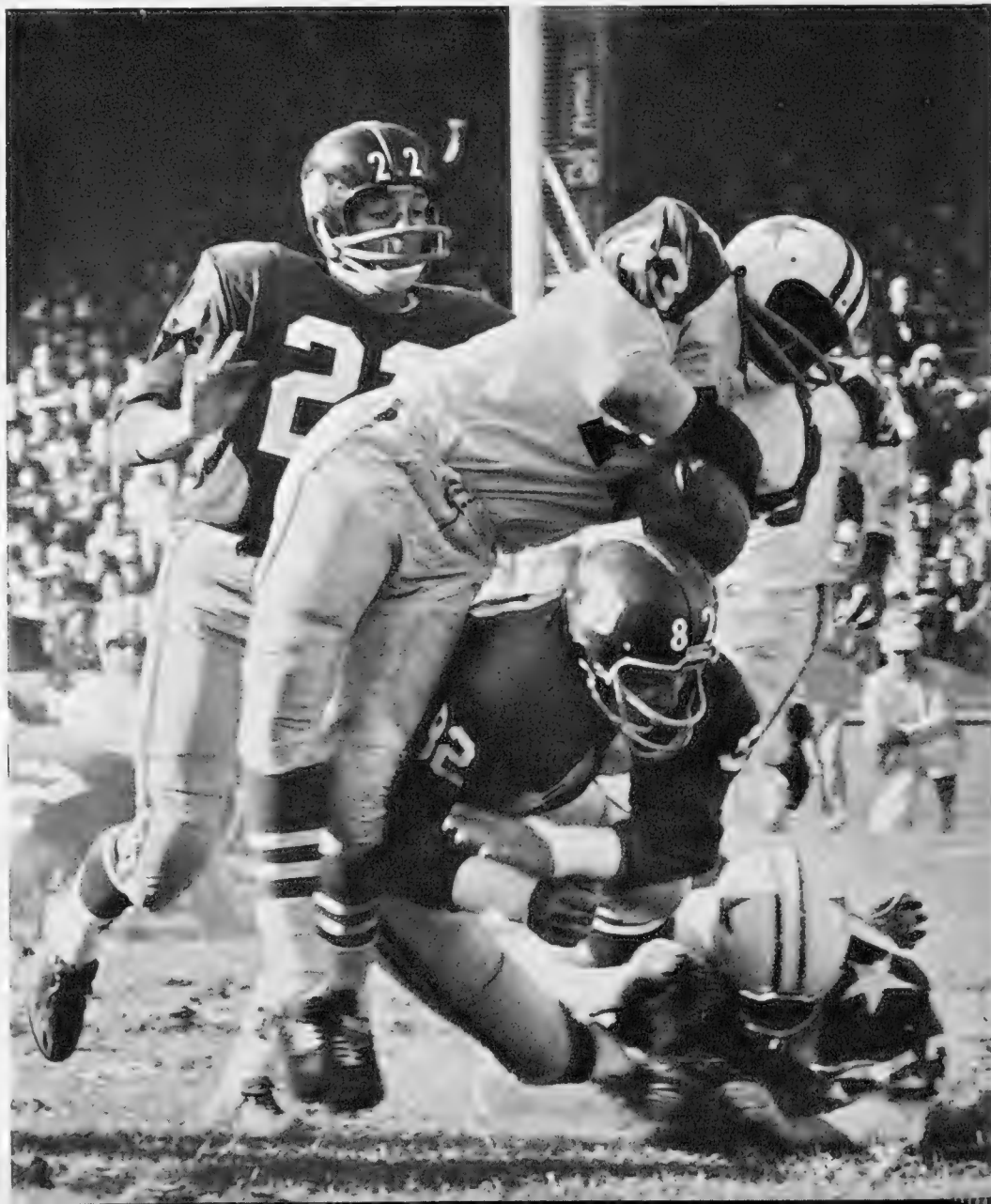


In Central Park (*left*) the Children's Zoo draws the junior section of a polyglot population complete with lunch packs, raincoats and an insatiable curiosity and desire to know that is typical of a nation striving always to be that one jump ahead. More placid (*centre left*) the pleasures of Washington Square where chess and checker players ruminate in the sun. *Below:* The end of the line for a down-town bus; father has talked and explained all afternoon and frankly he's all tired out. Daughter, too, has had enough, only junior has the look in his eyes that bodes questions still





First you see them, then you don't—helmeted, padded, encased in figure-moulding pants and boldly-numbered vests, the muscular Giants and Cowboys hurl themselves into the fiercely organized confusion that is American football. The place is the Yankee Stadium in the Bronx and, for the record, the Cowboys won





Movie cameramen set up a scene for Harpo Marx filming at the Children's Zoo in Central Park. The Marx brand of humour has the special kind of craziness that appeals to an audience like the one below with seats in a Noah's Ark



NIGHTLIGHTING NEW YORK



Night falls over Manhattan and if anything the pace quickens—for the visitor at least—New Yorkers themselves have long adjusted their nightlife to the art of the possible. After-dark picture sequence begins alongside at the Waldorf-Astoria with candle glow for Hollywood's Joan Fontaine seated next to regular transatlantic commuter the Duke of Bedford



At the Waggon Wheel Club—you can't go far in America without a hint of the frontier West—the lights are bright and the jazz is hot. It gets crowded, too, as the hours grow short with an overspill audience of Twisters from the Peppermint Lounge (see page 560)



In London it would be ties or views of the city. In New York it's hats, fancy hats, crazy hats, Stetsons and fire chiefs' helmets, Tyrolean hats and gangland fedoras, speed cops' caps and Service kepis all for the asking and the dollars (bottom) at store on Times Square



At the Waldorf Astoria cabaret there's Patachou packing them in. In Paris way back she used to snip off ties as souvenirs. At New York's Hope Ball the act was more demure



The man who gets you there. New York cab drivers are liable to address you as Mac or Buster and to hold forth on international politics while nosing through one traffic jam to the next. Right: Midnight in Times Square and a shoe-shine for late-nighters drinking coffee from the ubiquitous paper cups





Like fumes from witch cauldrons, steam rises from street drains to glisten whitely in the neon glare off Times Square. Left: The party's over, piled chairs and bare tables proclaim 4.15 a.m. at El Morocco



Right: Night at Idlewild, the departures desk of S.A.S., the airline which flew the TATLER team to New York. Seen here, the model girl. Meet her again on Page 550

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD
COUNTERSPY
MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

AMERICAN OFFERING

The English market has had a healthy injection of ideas and designs since the lifting of import restrictions on American goods. The recently opened U.S. Trade Center arranges exhibitions almost weekly. Though designed mainly for trade customers, the Center does admit members of the public on introduction

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

Young Idea, Duke Street (Oxford Street), was started by an American mother, Mrs. Adler, tired of seeking out the right kind of clothes for her 15-year-old daughter. But her boutique attracted so many more sophisticated clients that she has now turned to making exclusive models to order, utilizing American ideas. One of her most successful products at the moment is the long, warm evening skirt. They are made in almost any material, are fully lined, and cost from 12½ to 18 gns. Matched to these are silk or satin tailored shirts with double cuffs. She also makes separates, suits, dresses and evening dresses (a few are ready-made) and has a wide range of materials to choose from



From Sandersons American Collection, butterfly-printed glazed cotton in blues and greens (also other colours). 36 in. wide, 30s. 6d. at leading soft-furnishers. Also new, a range of shot silks in Eastern colours—orange, curry, blue, emerald. 48 in. wide, 77s. 6d. The collection, which consists of designs and fabrics exclusive to Sandersons in this country, can be seen at their showrooms in Berners Street

John Siddeley has bought a wide range of Americana for his boutique in Harriet St., S.W.1. Here, designs in glass. The shorter glasses are for Old-fashioneds, and cost 10s. 6d. each. The taller ones are 12s. 6d. The decanters have gilt pouring stoppers, and are 3 gns. each. This boutique also has a range of Christmas decorations



Scarf necklace of pearls and gilt with gilt fringing, 12 gns. Other necklace is a pendant tassel of gilt and pearls, 5 gns. Gilt orchid brooch, 18s. 6d. Two bracelets, left, stranded gilt with round matt clasp, £2 12s. 6d., right, ridged bangle with hanging bauble, 18s. 6d. All from a selection at Harrods



Mrs. Doris Knox is an American woman who opened the Bamburg Galleries at 94 York Street. Though concentrating mainly on Victoriana, she has examples of other periods. This rare 18th-century spoonback chair is one of a pair at £220. The shop is popular with transatlantic visitors, who appreciate the excellent condition of the furniture, and that chairs and sofas can be covered in a week

43,000 cocktails on 4 dollars a day

Lord Kilbracken

MY FIRST TRIP TO THE STATES, JUST A DECADE AGO, WAS tourist class in the Queen Mary. This was then the cheapest way, and it's probably still the most fun. At this time of year practically nobody travels first class, so you would have several bands and a bingo game almost to yourself. Cabin class isn't much better, and is indescribably *bourgeois* anyway; I've never believed in the golden mean and would always prefer either the wealthy and famous, or the penniless and clever, to all the in-betweeners. So, if I had to choose, I'd still plump for tourist in winter.

However, nowadays, I never have the time—and I don't know who *can* have—to take a 10-day holiday travelling to and from New York. A holiday, of course, is what it always turns out to be, despite all previous good resolutions about working *en route*. So, the last eight or nine times, I've taken the now-usual course of what is supposed to be a "quick flip" by air, but which frequently turns out to be nothing of the kind. On my first quick flip, an engine packed up at Shannon and we had to wait 18 hours for a replacement Constellation; we were plied with Irish coffee every hour on the hour, but even so it wasn't particularly amusing. On another, an engine packed up some 400 miles from Newfoundland, and we had to limp to Gander where we waited half a day. Fun! It is true, however, that one sometimes arrives on time.

Whether on time or not, the arrival by air at Idlewild is always wonderfully offhand (as is all flying in the States); indeed, at first, one hardly has the impression of having reached another country, let alone another continent. This is not principally because the language has some similarities with one's own, but because one is thrown headlong, without the helpful intermission of boat-train or even quayside, into the full flood of the American Way of Life. (Unlike London Airport, Idlewild is just about as important for domestic as for intercontinental flights, so your cabbie—who, incidentally, will call you Mac or possibly Buster—will think you are as likely to have flown in from Milwaukee, Wis., as from London, Eng., and treat you accordingly.)

All this only results in an immense double-take at some later stage, when there is a momentary pause, not longer than 50 seconds, in the turmoil of events, enabling you to catch your breath and to realize—sure as hell—you *are* in a different country and—Gee whizz!—is it different!

Where to stay? The dollar being a hard currency (no kidding), this raises pressing problems. The simplest solution is to visit with friends, and such is the hospitality of which we are always hearing so much that it would probably be possible to do so *ad infinitum*—even if you possessed none on arrival. You only need an invitation to a single Manhattan cocktail party (of which there are 43,000 each evening).

You will be the centre of attraction as the one new arrival in the menagerie, and proposals will be made of the most varied kinds. One word of warning: this hospitality often evaporates *pari passu* with your novelty, so you should not count, unless you are extremely novel, on staying much more than a night or two with anyone. Invitations proliferate, however, in geometrical progression, and you should be able to carry on free-loading almost indefinitely, if you ring the changes with care.

On my first visit to New York I stayed with my friend Hank, who is a painter; he had stayed with me in Chelsea, so this was a *quid pro quo*. He lived in a walk-up on West 17th Street. A walk-up means there is no lift, or rather no elevator, and West 17th is *not* the most fashionable *quartier*. Eating mainly in drug-stores, with a staple diet of hamburgers, I managed to subsist on an all-in average of \$4.53 a day, which takes a great deal of beating. When I went to Washington for a week, I found what was certainly the cheapest room in town short of a flophouse: it was in the Y.M.C.A., known always as just the Y, and it had no space for any furniture at all except a small bed that almost filled the room. It cost \$2.80 a night—exactly one quid—and that was 10 years ago.

If you *have* to stay in an hotel, and if you require an address that you can mention without blushing to all your business prospects (and this is most important), you probably cannot do better in New York than the Beekman Tower, which is where I've stayed on all my subsequent visits. Here you can get a single room of quite reasonable dimensions, at least three times as big as the bed, *and* what is known as a semi-private bathroom, for about \$6.50 a night. Do not be alarmed about the semi-private bathroom: it only means you share it, turn and turn about, with your next-door neighbour. It's fully private when occupied.

Living on this kind of level, having departed from the standards of the walk-up and the hamburger, I always reckon on life in the States costing \$20 a day, but this is without any trimmings. A night on the town can cost just about anything: it's the easiest thing possible to spend \$100 or more if you take a girl out for the evening (which ends at 5 a.m.).

A final whisper of advice. An Englishman's greatest asset in the States is his Englishness—all superficial indications to the contrary. On no account, therefore, should you make any concessions *at all* in matters of speech, or dress, or behaviour. In fact, if anything, you should become more English than ever. *Always* wear a bowler (and call it a bowler); have mullins for tea (and have tea); if you are compelled to use an Americanism in speech, make the inverted commas audible. Perhaps it may not seem so at the time, but they love it; you are falling in with their preconceived notion of what an Englishman should be, and victory is assured.

Fashion greats in the Big City

WHICH ARE THE ENGLISH CLOTHES THAT LOOK FABULOUS ABROAD? FASHION EDITOR ELIZABETH DICKSON AND CAMERAMAN DAVID SIM SET OUT TO EXPLORE AND PRESENT THEIR IDEAS PHOTOGRAPHED AGAINST THE STEEL JUNGLE OF MANHATTAN



Wisp of veiling, dreamed into a party topknot with crisp black satin bow by Henri Bendel. Created specially for our trip with an English blonde in mind, seen here at Steuben Glass

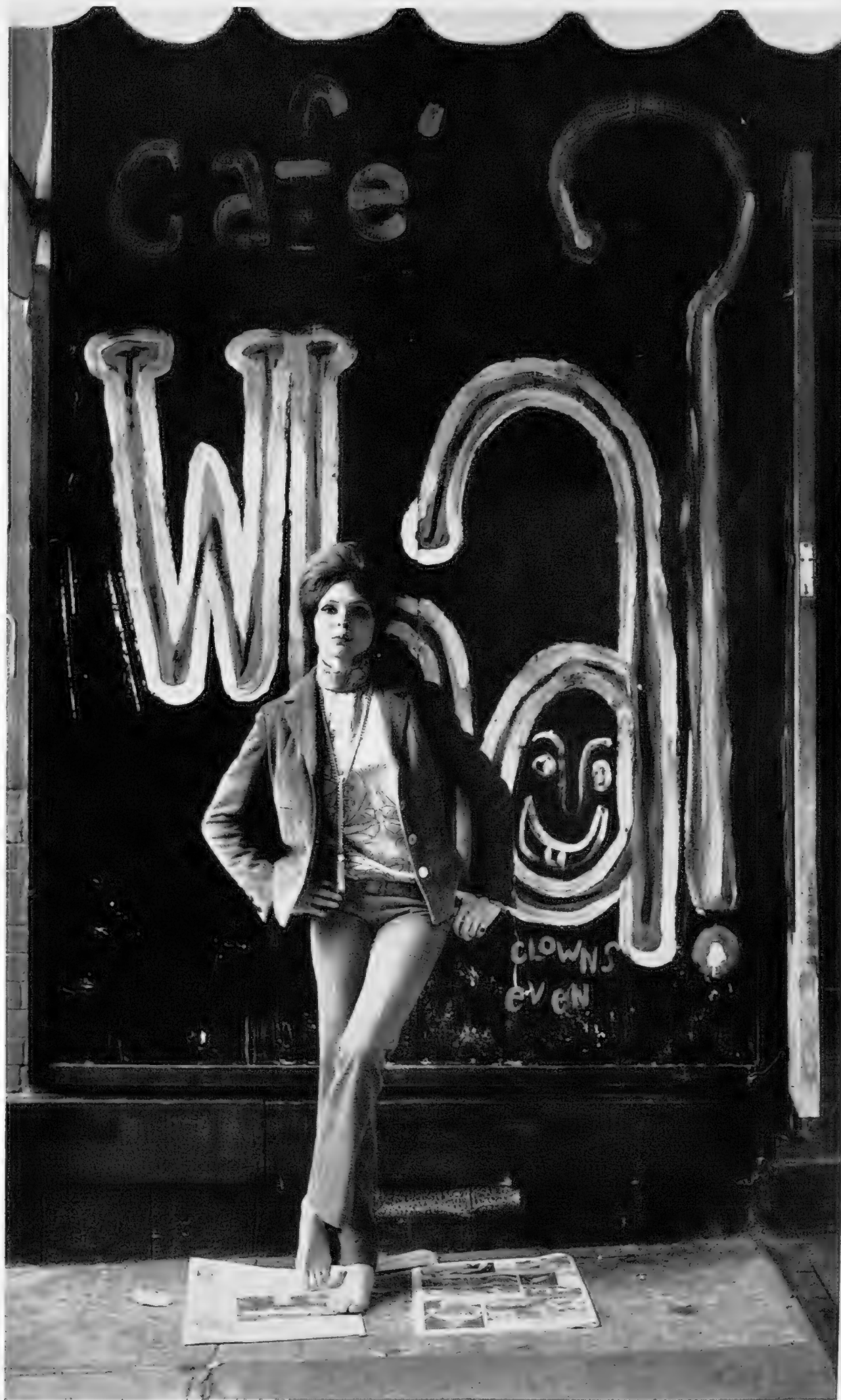




Alongside the United Nations symbol, dress and jacket in oatmeal tweed with two-tone mink cloche, 22½ gns. Susan Small at Marshall & Snelgrove; Frank Mason, Ipswich; Janet Louise, Blackpool. Hat by Peter Shepherd



SIDEWALK COFFEE New slant on a British tradition: the garden-party hat. Coolie shape in café-au-lait straw, by Peter Shepherd



Mary Quant's emerald chenille bell-bottoms and brass-buttoned blazer, with silk shirt in lotus print, stained glass hues. Leisure kit: to order, Bazaar, Knightsbridge. Wig: Xavier

DOWN IN THE VILLAGE

MID-TOWN MOVIELAND

Razzle-dazzle, opalescent brocade suit made richer with mink. Jacket takes off for a camisole top in pleated shrimp pink chiffon banded in same brocade. Party suit: 98 gns., Bellville Boutique, S.W.1. Sparkle-studded gold pumps: Elliotts. Rhinestone glitter from Adrien Mann



JAY-WALKING PLEATS

Young, working casual with hip-length top, leather cravat. In minute black and white checks. Suit: 14 gns. Susan Small at Derry & Toms, W.8; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Vogue, Cambridge. Mink busby: Peter Shepherd. Patent bag: Elliotts

KING OF THE ROARING 20'S

THE STORY OF ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN
JACK CARS MICKEY ROONEY

AND A BABY



MANHATTAN FAREWELL

Strawberry wool tailored into a city suit with generous muffler. Typical English good looks from Dorville: 19 gns. At Hunts, Bond Street; Griffith & Sons, Caernarvon; Elizabeth Card, Leamington



RUSH HOUR: GRAND CENTRAL

Commuter's coat in speckled tweed with high half-belt and emerald silk lining. Green copied by belt on the dress, the top in smoky velvet and swinging skirt in same crisp tweed. About 24½ gns. together: Polly Peck. Simpsons; Catherine Martineau, Birmingham; Samuels, Manchester



2

FACES OF FASHION

Dark-haired, Australian, Margot McKendrick is one of New York's favourite models. Her income is in the Suzy Parker bracket and she has her own penthouse in the city—David Sim's pictures on this page were taken during the moving-in weekend. At 23 Margot has no plans for marriage, likes to spend her spare time riding in Central Park. Mary McFadden (*opposite page*) met Marc Bohan while on a tour of Europe after leaving her finishing school in France. Result—a top job (her first) as fashion co-ordinator for Dior in America. She flew last month to put on a Dior show for Mrs. Kennedy—is currently running another in Caracas. She runs about in a scarlet Italian sports car, lives in her family's beautiful apartment off Park Avenue

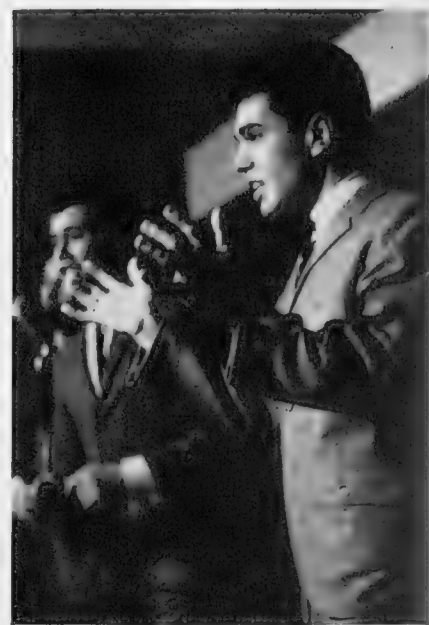




Doing the TWIST



Everybody's doing it. What? "The Twist," a dance that was obviously designed for crowded night clubs. Basically all you do is stand still and wiggle. Everybody's doing it. Where? The Peppermint Lounge, the Broadway honky-tonk where David Sim took these pictures. Every night it's crammed with aficionados who drink expensive drinks, listen to a percussive band led by Johnny Dee (*right*), watch all those other strange people—and Twist. Signs are that we'll soon be twisting too. At least one London dancing school has begun teaching it



YES?

ERDICTS

PLAYS *Anthony Cookman*

The Oresteia. Old Vic. (Joss Ackland, Ronald Lewis, Catherine Lacey, Ruth Meyers, Yvonne Mitchell.)

World's greatest why-dun-it

IT IS NO USE PRETENDING THAT AESCHYLUS'S *Oresteia*—THREE LONGISH linked plays taking at the Old Vic the best part of four hours to perform—is not something of an ordeal. But it is the kind of ordeal that leaves those who have submitted themselves to it, whether voluntarily or by moral compulsion, ready to swear with a good conscience that they have found a curious and unexpected pleasure in the experience.

What sort of pleasure do we mean? It has nothing to do with the mild intellectual satisfaction of finding out how much we remember of what we were taught at school about the ritualistic framework, the Chorus conventions and the Messenger conventions and all the rest of the conventions of classic Greek drama. We could refresh such memories as these more easily from any cheap textbook. The pleasure we are confessing to, or boasting about, is of course pure theatrical pleasure—all else in the theatre is, for the playgoer, dross. Nor has what we get of this pleasure much resemblance to what may have been felt by a playgoing Greek who knew Aeschylus, not as a godlike immortal, but as a soldier who had fought at Marathon and was now one of several poets contending for the prize. This enviable playgoer sat in the open air in the most delightful of climates. He seems to have been stirred by some now quite unanalysable mixture of devotional delight in a fine piece of ritual, sporting delight in a competition of skill, and intellectual delight in dexterous forensic debate. He also indulged his craving for a glimpse of supernatural beings and was never even mildly puzzled by yet another variation on the familiar history of the accursed house of Atreus in which sin provokes a terrible vengeance, vengeance murder and murder matricide until divine intervention restores the natural order of things.

The particular combination of joys that made Greeks of the best period happy as playgoers can never be ours. But something can still be done for us with the magnificences of the *Oresteian* trilogy, even in translation, under necessarily changed conditions of performance, and Mr. Minos Volanakis, a young Greek director, taking charge of the Oxford Playhouse's heroic undertaking, has, I think, given us a great deal more than we commonly get from revivals of Greek tragedy. Perceiving clearly the intense humanity which always underlies the amplitude and grandeur of Aeschylus, he lets the emphasis in his treatment of these three plays fall not on fate but on what appeals most to our human responsibility.

All the characters, Mr. Volanakis insists, are given freedom by Aeschylus to decide for themselves and to act on their decisions. The grisly revenge taken by Atreus on the brother who seduced his sister-in-law could have ended there. But when the *Agamemnon* begins the son of one of these brothers has also seduced his sister-in-law, Clytemnestra. She had reason to fear his return in triumph from the sack of Troy and also reason to hate her husband who had sacrificed her daughter to military ambition. She chose to avenge her daughter

by netting and slaying her husband. Thereby she leaves her son with a terrible dilemma. The law of the blood-feud, as traditionally preached from the Temple of Apollo, makes it the duty of a son to avenge a kinsman who has been foully wronged. The strongest possible claim is that of a father murdered; the most horrible act a Greek could conceive was for a man to slay his mother. How if a wife murdered her husband? Ought her son to slay her? This is the problem that Orestes has to solve, and the three plays can be considered an attempt to establish the degrees of guilt that attach to murder as an act of vengeance undertaken from impure motives, and murder as an act of justice undertaken from pure motives.

Mr. Ronald Lewis's Orestes fits sympathetically into this interpretation. Both in the scene in which he listens to the libation-bearers urging him to obey Apollo's injunction to kill his mother, and in his horror as his mother's furies rise to haunt him, we do not doubt that the choice was his to make and that he must endure its consequences. Miss Yvonne Mitchell is an effective Electra, and Miss Ruth Meyers an adequate Cassandra. The chief acting weakness appears in Miss Catherine Lacey's baleful-looking but weak-spoken Clytemnestra. It is something to have seen the *Oresteia* and to find so many authentic theatrical pleasures in it. We are not likely to see it staged in London again for a long time.

FILMS *Elspeth Grant*

The Connection. Director Shirley Clarke. (Warren Finnerty, Jerome Raphael, Jim Anderson, Carl Lee.)

Kapo. Director Gillo Pontecorvo. (Susan Strasberg, Emmanuelle Riva, Laurent Terzieff.)

Il Generale Della Rovere. Director Roberto Rossellini. (Vittorio De Sica, Hannes Messemer.)

What it's like on the book

WHAT I LIKE BEST ABOUT *The Connection* IS THE SWING IT TAKES AT the popular and half-baked idea that it's possible for anybody—absolutely *anybody*—to make a “significant” film by just letting the camera roll and the sound-track rip. You don't need a script or even a story-line or any knowledge of your subject or sympathy with or understanding of the people you intend to present to the people. No, man! Jest you walk right in to wherever it is those characters are and “shoot” ’em at whatever it is they're at—and when you have accumulated a great, uneven mass of material, don't bother to cut it, to give it form and point: jest slap it straight on to the screen—and stand well back in case you're trampled underfoot by stampeding highbrows who can't wait to hail a new advanced-abstract masterpiece. In *The Connection*, Mr. William Redfield appears as an earnest young director, out to stun the world with a film of that kind—on drug addiction. With a cynical negro camera-man (Mr. Roscoe Browne) in tow, he has bribed his way into the cheerless “pad” of Mr. Warren Finnerty, a frustrated homosexual and drug addict who allows a bunch of other “junkies,” including four jazz musicians, to flop about at his place while waiting for a coloured gentleman called Cowboy (their “connection”) to bring them their next “fix.”

The conversation among the “junkies” is desultory and largely incoherent. Mr. Finnerty worries over a boil on his neck. The musicians play spasmodically and chain-smoke listlessly between bouts. They all sneer and snarl when Mr. Redfield pleads for a little action: what does he think they are—freaks or sumpin'? No, no—he only wants them to get up, move around a bit and, well, sort of *explain* themselves. Derisive and resentful, they try—but they have nothing on their minds but their desperate need for a shot of heroin. At last Cowboy (elegant Mr. Carl Lee) arrives—with an old lady Salvationist he has picked up to fool the cops. This pathetic crone is allowed to make herself a nice cup of tea while the “junkies” vanish, one after another, into the lavatory where Cowboy gives them each a shot in the arm. Mr. Redfield is given one, too: surely he wants to know what it does for a guy? It

makes him sick and he passes out. Mr. Browne's camera grinds on, taking it all in—registering the reactions of the “junkies” to the drug.

To my astonishment (I am a child in these matters) they seem stupefied rather than elated—there is no sign of the “lift” I thought they expected. Perhaps they are too far gone in the habit for that. They babble, fall down, sweat profusely and indolently scratch themselves. Mr. Redfield, coming shakily to, wonders why they take the stuff. So do I—since it obviously gives them no joy. They are simply “hooked”: that is the ugly and pathetic truth.

Well, what the hell—Mr. Jack Gelber, the author, argues: we are all “hooked” one way or another—by sex or religion, alcohol, aspirins, pep-pills or what have you—and all quietly bent on self-destruction. The thought is depressing—the film, brilliantly directed by Miss Shirley Clarke, is remarkable. The pretence of slap-dash spontaneity is beautifully kept up by the most superbly calculated use of an inquisitively roving camera, seemingly-erratic cuts, jerky movement, slurred and broken lines of dialogue. Let this film be a lesson to all the little Mr. Redfields currently barging around in what they doubtless conceive to be the van of the *avant-garde* cinema.

Miss Susan Strasberg gives a profoundly moving performance in **Kapo** as a 14-year-old Jewish girl, orphaned and sent to a Nazi concentration camp in the early days of the German occupation of France. She reveals to no one that she is a Jewess—it would mean the gas chamber if she did, and she has no wish to die. So strong is her wish to survive that she is prepared to sacrifice all her better instincts to it. For food, she becomes the mistress of a German N.C.O., and to ingratiate herself with the Nazis she accepts the job of a “kapo”—the name given to the “trustee” wardresses who, armed with truncheons and whistles, viciously harry their fellow prisoners. The Italian director, Signor Gillo Pontecorvo, is so coldly realistic in presenting the horrors of the concentration camp, and Miss Strasberg so convincingly conveys the disintegration of the character she plays, that I found the romantic tragedy of the ending somewhat out of key.

I was not entirely convinced, either, by Signor Vittorio De Sica's heroic behaviour at the end of Signor Roberto Rossellini's film, **Il Generale Della Rovere**. A persuasive confidence-man, he makes a living during the German occupation of Northern Italy by pretending to have influential contacts among the German high-ups. Trusting souls give him parcels to pass on to their imprisoned relatives and money to secure their release. He eats the food and pockets the cash. One day he is caught and handed over to the German S.S. Commander (Herr Hannes Messemer) who makes him a proposition. An Italian general, with whom the S.S. had hoped to lure leading partisans into the open, has been accidentally shot: if Signor De Sica will impersonate this patriot and betray such other patriots as reveal themselves to him, he will be given a free passage to Switzerland and a million lire. Signor De Sica splendidly plays the noble general—in fact he gradually lets the character take possession of him, to such an extent that he prefers to face a firing squad rather than betray those who have confided in him. The film is excellently acted but slow.

BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

Elizabeth & Leicester, by Elizabeth Jenkins. (Gollancz, 21s.)

The Modern Hostess, by Judith Countess of Listowel. (Odhams, 21s.)

Trail Sinister, by Sefton Delmer. (Secker & Warburg, 30s.)

Elizabethan trauma

I HAVE A SUSPICION, MAYBE GROUNDLESS, THAT TO THE PUREST AND most austere kind of historian Miss Elizabeth Jenkins's latest book **Elizabeth & Leicester** might appear a touch gaudy. This is no sort of bother to me, and I have been enormously entertained and caught by this highly spangled study of two people I can find bewitching but far from sympathetic. Miss Jenkins's book appears to me to pay minimum heed to politics and to concentrate on bills, clothes, emeralds, house-

parties, poisonings, cavalcades, medicines, murders, presents. The child Philip Sydney, on special leave from Shrewsbury for the Queen's visit to Kenilworth, is discovered to have no clothes grand enough, and his old black velvet cloak is unsatisfactorily turned into trunk hose. Black embroidery on white linen is all the rage in the late 1570's—they used pure vegetable dyes so that everything was “washable as rags.” The Queen acquires large numbers of valuable trinkets—golden roses, ruby, diamond and sapphire butterflies, diamond and ruby ships, an emerald frog on a small gold chain that sounds rich but somehow depressing. Leicester, clearly mad about hats, had “one thrum hat” in his vast collection of headgear; the humble thing was made of wool, may have been meant for fishing.

This is the sort of detail that is to me supreme happiness. Miss Jenkins's theory is that Queen Elizabeth I was a migraine-sufferer, an hysteric and a lady so deeply traumatized by the violent events of her youth that for her sex meant sudden death and must therefore be avoided at all costs. Leicester remains for me a thoroughly enigmatic, unsympathetic figure. What makes the book so fascinating is the climate the writer has created, the dark, highly coloured, vengeful, broody, morbid, brave and hopeful yet profoundly pessimistic, superstitious, manic-depressive climate in which the Elizabethans lived their stormily brief lives—the climate that was natural to the curious Dr. Dee, the wizard who waits in the wings and about whom no one tells you enough. Mr. Minos Volanakis, talking recently about modern Greeks, said acutely that they were the nearest things to the Elizabethans—not civilized but very sophisticated. It is this tremendous distinction that Miss Jenkins's book illuminates.

Year by year, I puzzle more about what kind of advice women actually *need* in order to enable them to live through the long day and come out the other side still fairly human beings. Judith Listowel's **The Modern Hostess** “provides every tip,” says the blurb excitedly, “the nervous hostess could possibly need.” Lady Listowel, so her book says, never wears a dress the same colour as her wallpaper, and strongly advises against wearing tiny roses all over yourself if there are tiny roses all over the wall. She says that if you plan to give a party on your balcony it is wise to limit your number of guests. She says you may give a very successful children's party—if (surely the biggest “if” this year) you have someone “good at imitating sounds heard in a wood”—by sitting everyone on the floor and inviting them to guess just which sound-heard-in-a-wood they are listening to. She says the most frightful thing that can happen to a hostess (especially, I'll be bound, to a nervous hostess) is to be asked to dance by a drunk. “It is a horrid feeling,” says Lady Listowel darkly—and in all other circumstances I feel sure she is as dauntless as Lady Macbeth at a sticky dinner—“to have an unsteady man cling to one.” The clingee, *provided she is not the hostess herself*, can immediately pretend to be ill and lock herself in the ladies—“she can even stay there half an hour to regain composure.” The poor old hostess, on the other hand, must stick around and see the whole grisly business out. Maybe Lady Listowel doesn't really mean a word of it seriously. I enjoyed it all enormously, and have no doubt that all sorts of little tips will work themselves into the very fabric of my life. Never, for instance, try to carry a reception, says Lady Listowel so wisely, when recovering from a short painful illness. When you collapse in the middle, this will “cause speculation, anxiety and embarrassment for your guests.” That's the sort of advice we need for practical living in this year 1961.

Dashing Sefton Delmer has written Volume I of his autobiography, **Trail Sinister**, inside the least self-conscious jacket of the season: Mr. Delmer's sombre, brooding phiz in ink-blue against a fiery red sky, a tape running across his bosom reading “Top newsman remembers Europe,” the whole stamped with a scarlet swastika. Mr. Delmer certainly saw life while reporting it for Lord Beaverbrook. In Berlin Fraulein Betty of the Rio Rita Bar, she of the “gay gazelle” smile, strips off her white satin jacket and the next second is digging her teeth painfully into his lower lip. Later they eat “stacks and stacks” of blinis, drink “glass after glass” of vodka, and dance “like inspired professionals.” After a time they visit a nudist camp together and Fraulein

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Betty, "naked but for a red rubber bathing cap," hurls this javelin into this lake and jumps in to get it out again. Mr. Delmer, "tall and slim, hiding my nervousness under a mask of Oxonian languor," dines unwillingly with Röhm and goes on a tour of many a "drab dance bar." My, those were the madcap days all right. I wish someone would start a revival in Oxonian languor, just for the hell of it.



One of Feliks Topolski's drawings from *Legal London*, a commentary on the day-to-day life and history, people and traditions in the world of the law. Text is by Francis Cowper, legal historian of Gray's Inn. "*Legal London*" is published today by Stevens & Sons for The Lawyer at 3½ gns.

RECORDS *Spike Hughes*

Otello, by Verdi.

Falstaff, by Verdi.

Maestro di Cappella, by Cimarosa.

Coughs & cannon-shots

QUICK GLANCE AT THE NEWSPAPERS WOULD HARDLY SUGGEST THAT the world is a better place today than it was before the war. In one comparatively trivial respect, however, this is so: Verdi's two last and greatest operas, *Otello* and *Falstaff*, are no longer the box office poison in this country they were less than a generation ago. Sir Thomas Beecham used to stage them regularly at Covent Garden. The critics acclaimed them and everybody agreed they were masterpieces; but nobody would pay to see them. The 1950's changed all that. The Scala Company brought *Otello* to Covent Garden and knocked everybody for a top. And when Glyndebourne took up *Falstaff* and showed Covent Garden how well one of their own British contract artists could sing the title part, the Royal Opera House at last put it on—with Geraint Evans too.

There is little doubt that the gramophone has had something to do with all this. At any rate, there are now available five complete recordings on the market of *Otello* and three of *Falstaff*, and if you want to know which are the best of those I will tell you right away that nothing can, or will ever, touch the *Otello* and *Falstaff* conducted by Toscanini and still in the RCA lists. Some like it hot, however, which is why Decca have brought out a new *Otello* in full stereo (SET 209-11), with mono (MET 209-11) for those who do not dwell in marble halls. As the gramophone should, from time to time, this set gives us a performance which is peculiar to the medium. Not only are the cannon shots supplied by an Austrian artillery school and deep organ notes by Liverpool Cathedral, but never in history, so far as I know, has *Otello* been

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performed in Italian with its ballet music. Verdi added the ballet for the Paris Opéra, where they insisted on that sort of thing, but equally where they insisted on everything being sung in French. In Italy they sing in Italian, and don't have the ballet. This Decca recording, conducted by Karajan, makes a musical common market of it all, by combining both versions; but though it's interesting as well as maddening to hear the continuity of the drama interrupted as it was for the Parisians of 1894, it would have been more sensible to have put the ballet on a separate track at the end of the recording. It appears as an appendix in the score.

The outstanding performance is Renata Tebaldi as Desdemona, who is right back in form after a series of rather off-colour recordings in which her voice seemed to be ageing alarmingly. As in an earlier Decca set, she is teamed up again with Mario Del Monaco, who sings Othello loud and clear, but without much pathos or tenderness, and Aldo Protti as Iago.

A real bargain at little more than half the price of the other sets is Cetra's Opera Club *Falstaff* (OLPC1207). The title role is sung by Giuseppe Taddei, who, like most good Falstuffs, sings a good Iago too. Most of these Cetra recordings were made in the Turin broadcasting studio, which explains the studio-audience coughs you can hear in them. The presence of an audience, however, does seem to liven up the performance and in this particular *Falstaff* the artists sound most attractively spontaneous and relaxed in consequence. Taddei rightly dominates the whole affair, but no more than is good for the opera. There is some lovely singing, for instance, from Lina Pagliughi as Nanetta, and Rosanna Carteri as Alice Ford. It is a performance with lots of spirit—the sort of recording you can safely leave with the children until they are old enough to enjoy the subtleties of your own precious Toscanini set.

Years ago there was a firm that made records you could fold up and put in your pocket; but as nobody seemed to want to do that with records very much the company was folded up instead. Today, of course, you can put 7 in. records in your pocket without having to fold them, and it is surprising what a lot of music you can carry around with you that way. Decca have just issued what is almost literally a pocket opera in this form—Cimarosa's *Il Maestro di Cappella* (CEP707, or stereo SEC5098). This is a charming little scene of a rehearsal set to music, the cast consisting only of Fernando Corena, as the maestro, and a wayward orchestra that can't count its bars.

GALLERIES *Robert Wraight*

Epstein Memorial Exhibition. Tate Gallery
Academy Schools Annual Exhibition. Royal Academy

Did Epstein miss the bus?

IT IS TWO YEARS SINCE SIR JACOB EPSTEIN DIED AND SEVERAL CRITICS who, at the time of his death, wrote that "it is too early to make a true assessment of his work" apparently feel that such an assessment is now possible. The big memorial exhibition now at the Tate, and the even bigger collection seen at the Edinburgh Festival, have provided opportunities, unequalled in the past and likely to remain unrivalled in the future, for looking at Epsteins *en masse*. Even so, many of the judgments now being given must be baffling to the layman. Many of those with long memories must regard with cynicism the spectacle of the critics, who once defended Epstein against the public's philistinism, turning against him now that he is dead. It looks like deliberate perversity. They spend years telling the public that Epstein is a great sculptor and then, just when the public is convinced, they turn round and say he's not so great after all. Words like "superficial" and "sentimental" are bandied about and it is discovered that the sculptor is guilty of "caricatural tricks," "showmanship" and "ill-apprehended form." It is even suggested that the policeman who wrote the one word "rude" in his notebook, after being sent to report on the ill-fated figures on the B.M.A. building in the Strand, may have been right.

In fact, of course, the critics who defended Epstein so strongly in the 1920's and 1930's are not, in the main, the same ones that are now attacking him. The attacks must come, it seems, from those who have

only just awakened to the fact that, as Sir John Rothenstein says in the exhibition catalogue, "Epstein . . . was the most traditional of the handful of major sculptors of his time." Where then shall we place Epstein? I believe that he will settle down in a niche just a little above that to which Augustus John has recently retired. The parallel between his portrait sculpture and John's portrait painting needs no underlining. But there was, too, some parallel between their dreams, as old men, to do work of epic proportions. A few months ago I watched John at work on a large tryptich which had been under way for at least two years but which, it was quite obvious, would never be finished. Epstein did not suffer from this inability to complete his big works, but the results were often unworthy of him. The 25 ft. high *St. Michael & the Devil*, of which there is a plaster cast at the Tate, could be the work of a Victorian Academician.

It seems clear now that in spite of all those brilliantly seen and executed bronze busts, Epstein's fame will ultimately rest upon his carvings in stone and upon works like the *Llandaff Christ in Majesty*



Tate exhibition bust made by Epstein in 1941 as part of a group, "Resurrection," that was never executed

and, to a lesser degree, the Cavendish Square *Madonna & Child*, both of which are "stone" in feeling though originally modelled in clay and now cast in metal. It is useless to regret his rejection of the Vortecist and Abstract ideas that produced the beautiful marble *Doves* of 1915. But one cannot help regretting that the fine stone *Lazarus* (1948) was followed not by many more stone carvings but by such massive bronze anachronisms as the *Social consciousness*, now in Philadelphia, and the "Bowater House group," now permanently frozen in the act of falling into Hyde Park.

The annual exhibition of work by students of the Royal Academy Schools offers excellent opportunities for those with faith in their own judgments to acquire both bargains and investments. At least two or three of the young men and women exhibiting are likely to make reputations for themselves during the next few years. All you have to do is pick them out. I've got my eye on Brian Plummer, Graham Beeching and Ernest Trowell.

LAZYBONES GYM LESSON

Exercises are firmly linked in most minds with the thump, thump, thump—one, two, three and over of the gym. But a grown-up gym lesson can be as relaxed and easy as lazing in a chair. The picture sets the pace—a nice and easy pose of arms supporting head (a Chinese shaped cushion would add comfort) and ankles doing all the work. Here the leg is stretched up ready to do a circling movement from the ankle. Two benefits: refreshing after an energetic day and good for the ankles, too. **Lazybones take 1:** The floor gives a lazybones room to stretch like this—lie on the back and stretch out left arm and left heel at the same time. Repeat four times each side. Helps waist and abdomen. **Lazybones take 2:** Lie on right side with a supporting arm stretched out and the other arm steadying. Lift upper leg, turn and repeat the other side. Then try both legs together. Good for thighs and upper hip. **Lazybones take 3:** Kneel on all fours and keep knees firmly on the ground. Cross arms, then prowling around as far as possible to the right, then to the left without moving knees. Improves waist and upper hips. **Lazybones take 4:** Lie on back and stretch one leg out straight, bend the other and place foot alongside straight knee. Lift weight on to shoulders and bent leg, then bump down on to straight leg side of hip. Repeat eight times, then change. Good for sleeker hips. **Lazybones routine** thought out by Miss Adelle at Elizabeth Arden. **Lazybones gear:** stretch tights, leotards and bandeau from Anello & Davide



JOBS FOR THE GIRLS



ANABEL MAY thinks and talks seriously about world affairs and, appropriately, is a guide at the United Nations. Her father is a U.N. official at present stationed in Holland. From him probably comes much of her concern for world peace and government, though her interest is less in the political and more in the social and economic spheres. Her view is that if people travelled and learned more about each other there would be less talk of conflict. She also thinks that America is a good place to live because of the common language. She herself speaks fluent French and Dutch



MARIANNE SPOTTISHOOD, 27, arrived in New York two years ago and opened her own fashion business last January. Soon she'll open a ready-to-wear boutique selling haute couture at what she calls cut prices—for New Yorkers 250 to 500 dollars a time. She started at 16 at the Regent Street Polytechnic, at 19 studied dress design and fashion drawing in Paris. She finds New York stimulating. Paris too, but London for her is bogging down and depressive



PAMELA ELLIOT works for film man Otto Preminger as a one-girl sifting system. Her job is to protect him from the thousand-and-one phone calls, the shoals of unsolicited scripts and ideas that pour in daily and to decide which, if any, are worth passing on. Once a week she flies to his location with news from the New York office and to receive fresh instructions. The work pays her a weekly 150 dollars. She'd like to marry an artist, not a businessman. And probably not in England, "it's too comfortable and secure, I think I'll stay here"



PENNY JONES once worked for an Oxford estate agent. Now her office is on the 25th floor of the Time-Life building—brown carpet, low orange leather chairs with stainless steel legs, one completely glass wall. An applicant for a post on any magazine in the group would see her first—it's Penny's job to direct them to the right person. For this she earns an approximate £50 a week and she's aged 21. She plans one day to return to England, meanwhile she lives like an American, skiing on vacation at Vermont or sailing off Bermuda

The jobs are in New York and the six career girls whom Anthea Sieveking photographed all came over from England to find them



SHEILA ENEVER is a hostess with an American airline. It all came of an urge to travel that took her to South Africa and Canada and finally to a training school for air hostesses in Miami. Before that she had been a showgirl in London. Her training and later airline experience have taught her the drill for any mishap though the worst she has encountered so far was a fault in the heating system that filled the passengers' cabin with black smoke. An 80-hour working month pays her 420 dollars which means that she, too, will probably be staying in America



SIMON McQUEEN chose her own first name back at school in England and now it appears on New York T.V. screens five nights a week for a 5½-minute weather forecast plus a commercial. For this she gets a weekly salary of 226 dollars (about £75), enough to live comfortably and keep a Basset hound. She hopes one day to marry an American—"Englishmen tend to make all the decisions themselves without consulting the woman"—a point of view that does not commend itself to a career girl

350 YEARS GO UP IN SMOKES

by Patrick Ney

IN THE SUMMER OF 1612 JOHN ROLFE PLANTED A FEW tobacco seeds outside the colonial fort at Jamestown, in Virginia. He had become a smoker himself and, as he never knew whether the Indians would greet him with poisoned arrows when he wanted a little tobacco from them, he decided to grow his own. His seeds sprang up; the plants flourished, and a vice was born. Today, tobacco in Virginia has grown to a seven billion dollar a year business. The merchants claim that "Virginia farmers produce enough of the 'golden weed' each year to make one long cigarette that would stretch 50 times around the world." It is an alarming thought.

Of course, the Old World had been faintly aware of tobacco since 1492 when some of Columbus's men saw Cuban Indians smoking. On later voyages, natives on the coast of South America were seen chewing tobacco and taking snuff; and we all know the story of Drake bringing tobacco back to England in 1586 and giving it to Sir Walter Raleigh. Then, it was enjoyed as a healing herb and believed to have miraculous good in it—which is a jolly nice excuse to find in any worldly pleasure. Thinking of Raleigh smoking his first pipe, one suddenly leaps forward to the day in October 1618 and recalls the tragic scene when he smoked his last. Aubrey wrote in his *Brief Lives* that Raleigh "tooke a pipe of Tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some formall persons were scandalized at, but I thinke 'twas well and properly donne, to settle his spirits."

If we are smokers, the words "to settle his spirits" reveal a state of mind that we appreciate, whether we are faced with the prospect of the scaffold or merely the boring chatter of the man next to us at the end of dinner. They have become a theme all through our literature, reaching a nice peak with Charles Lamb's

*For thy sake Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.*

We are told that the Indians of Columbus's time smoked tobacco as "a solemn tribal ceremony." Isn't it still true of men who stay about the table after dinner, lifting their glass of port to see the candle flame through it; lighting their cigars and being silent for a minute or two—perhaps thinking back 50 years or more, to the first cigarette they



The first printed illustration of the use of the tobacco plant

ever smoked; stealthily puffing and not yet daring to inhale; sharing it with an accomplice behind the fives courts on a Sunday morning! Yes, smoking is a theme in the lives of those who are sanely fond of tobacco, and it is right that Virginians should be celebrating the 350th anniversary of their first crop with a festival at Jamestown, next May.

I think back over the great men I have seen enjoying their tobacco. All fall into the shadows as one remembers Sir Winston Churchill. Surely he is the splendid denial of all the enemies of the "golden weed" . . . the enemy of Burton, who described it in the *Anatomy of Melancholy* as "the ruin and overthrow of body and soul"; and of Ben Jonson's cruel accusation that it was "good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers." Twice, after luxurious dinners, I have sat near enough to Sir Winston Churchill to watch his face as he smoked his first cigar. It was good to see—the tranquillity, mixed with wisdom, and in the corners of his eyes the two imps that have delighted us for so long. We all know the look, in a thousand photographs, over the years. Indeed, the tobacco magnates might well produce a book just of photographs of the old warrior, smoking cigars, to prove the nonsense of the claim that tobacco could be the "ruin and overthrow of body and soul." It is significant that he is immortalized in the stained glass window of a church, smoking a cigar.

It is a pity that Sir Winston cannot join in the celebrations at Jamestown next year. There are many reasons why it would be an imaginative occasion. The first, of course, because there is no man alive who has done more to bring America and Britain together, through the storms of politics and war, as well as the smoke of cigars. (Soon after President Roosevelt sent him the famous telegram, "It's fun to be in the same decade with you," he followed up the message with a gift of the best Havanas.)

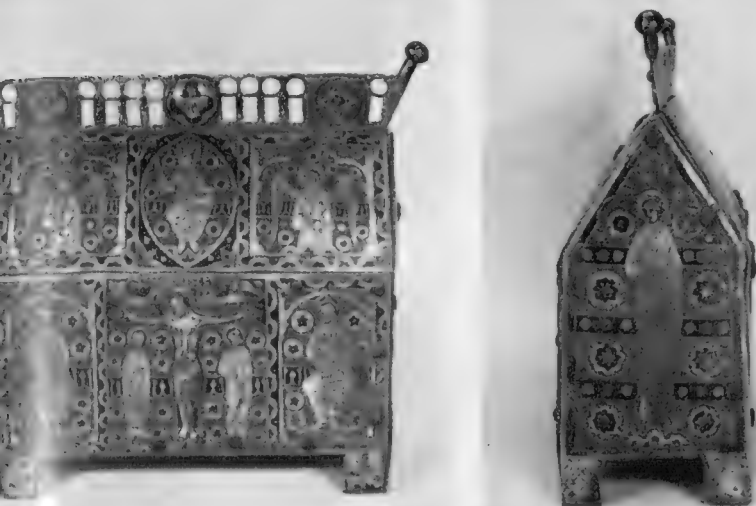
The second reason is that he is part American and therefore a most suitable person to acknowledge our debt to Virginia. And the third reason is that, through his American ancestor, he also has some Iroquois blood. Does he hear ancestral voices coming through all those centuries when he lights a cigar? When he lowers his eyelids over the first puff of smoke, does he feel that he is taking part in a "solemn tribal ceremony"? I hope so.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

A rare reliquary

THE ORIGINS OF THIS RARE 13TH CENTURY LIMOGES ENAMELLED CHASSE (reliquary) can be traced back to the Dark Ages, when it was customary for the relics of a saint to be placed in a beautiful box. Shapes varied little though enamelling was not found so extensively, and chasses were more frequently chased and embossed with Celtic interlacing designs, at any rate in Northern Europe. Examples of these early chasses can best be seen in the National Museum in Dublin; perhaps of greater interest is the one which, to this day, is in its original place in



the cathedral of St. Aubert in Namur, Belgium. A chasse was kept in an ecclesiastical treasury, but on occasions such as plagues, flooding or fire, as well as on the particular saint's day, it was paraded through the streets of the town. During the medieval period craftsmen were also making chasses and they kept to the traditional style with a gabled roof surmounted by cresting as is clearly shown.

This particular chasse, measuring 9½ in. in height and 8¾ in. in length, must be one of the few ever likely to come on the open market and keen bidding is expected from collectors when it comes up for auction at Christie's on 28 November. Its appearance there is bound to cause great interest, as it is of considerable value. Expert opinion is that this is an authentic example in a branch of art which is in general most controversial.

Enamelling, a feature on this chasse, is an ancient art, going back to La Tène times. It was carried to great heights during the Byzantine Empire. A certain amount of this type of enamelling was also carried out in Italy. The enamel of a king contained in the famous "Alfred Jewel," which has been at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, for 300 years, may well be Italian work. Limoges became a great centre for enamelling (known as Champlevé work) and this was carried out extensively during the 13th century and after. The champlevé work on the chasse illustrated is mainly blue, though other colours are incorporated in the design, and this forms the background to the figure of Christ which is applied in bronze. The name of the saint whose relics were within the chasse was usually inscribed somewhere in the design but Limoges enamelled ones did not always carry an inscription and this example is no exception.

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Transatlantic traffic

THINK THAT, AT THE MOMENT, THE INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES and Europe on men's clothing in Britain is in direct proportion to their respective distances from us. Or our distance from them, if you don't support the "Fog in Channel—continent cut off" school of thought. The Atlantic is wide and the Channel is narrow and that seems to make a difference. Even before the Common Market becomes reality, we have seen how acceptable European styles can be—we have had Tyrolean hats, Italian suits, Scandinavian sweaters, almost everything except Lederhosen and the evzones' kilts. It may not continue so for much longer. After the war American styles enjoyed some success over here. cynics may detect a parallel with James Laver's theory that all armies copy the uniform of the winning side. Unfortunately, American clothes were not at their best at the time and British copyists elected to take the worst rather than the best—a limited fashion for wide-shouldered suits and near-pornographic ties resulted. It is kind to think that the generosity of cut in these items of clothing, and their hilarious colours, was a reaction against clothing coupons and wartime austerity.

Since then, the traffic of fashion influences has been a two-way one. However, there is some evidence that they are more influenced by our clothes than we are by theirs. I quote from a not untypical American advertisement for a sports jacket: *The Britisher—diplomatically American. Honest shoulders, gentry cut-away . . . raised three-button front . . . lean as a statesman . . . fine herringbone worsted, understated, British as crumpets. In English-accent fall-tones.* In many ways, the Americans have come a long way to meet us. The average executive over there does not differ widely in his dress from his British counterpart. Brooks Brothers tailoring, the grey flannel suit from Madison Avenue, the Ivy League look—none of these would be out of place in London; in fact they'd be welcomed.

It is plain to see that there is a tremendous snob appeal in America for British cut in clothes, so it's not surprising to find that bespoke clothes from top London tailors head the list of what Americans like to

buy when they visit Britain. In fact over half Savile Row's output goes to America, and most of the leading tailors find it well worth their while to send a traveller to America once or twice a year. The Americans want Savile Row cut and quality, but they have well-formulated ideas about style. Almost all suits ordered by them are of tropical weight in more varied patterns and brighter colours than a Briton might choose. Single breasted suits, without waistcoats (vests), trousers worn without braces (suspenders), sports jackets, flannel trousers—these are the favoured clothes. Apart from bespoke clothing, favourite personal exports are British woollen knitwear, top-line raincoats, like Burberrys and Aquascutum's, and contrasting waistcoats (vests) in brocades, tattersall checks and so on. Shirts are not considered too highly, apart from some bespoke ones.

What can we hope to get in return? I think the Americans excel in ready-made clothes, as we excel in made-to-measure clothes. I suspect that it is easier to find well-fitting clothes if you are not a standard size in America. They excel, too, in synthetic fibres and sensibly rule that the percentage of each constituent is marked on the label. Looking through American magazines, I have envied them their magnificent shirts, some of them tapered to avoid that battle-dress blouse look at the waist, some with neat rounded collars that snap-fasten under the tie. I like the small, neat hats like those by Dobb, now available in Britain at Simpsons in Piccadilly. I like the laminated all-weather coats, wool-nylon fabric backed with foam for lightness and warmth—though some excellent Canadian versions are now available over here.

Personally, I can well do without a number of American ideas. Notably all personalized items, which suggest a need for constant reassurance of one's identity and individuality; Bermuda shorts; anything marked His and Hers or advertised as "for the man who has everything"; gadgety raincoats. However, I do endorse some of the more ingenious gimmicks like a belt that has a spare key forming the

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MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

An E-type on the autostrada

AFTER A WEEK'S WORK IN TURIN WE FOUND OURSELVES WITH A COUPLE of days to spare and the realization that neither of us had ever seen Venice. It was 250 miles away and on a Sunday morning the traffic would be heavy. But the sun was shining and there was an E-type Jaguar at the door, so it seemed worth trying. Work is now well advanced on the construction of the second track to the autostrada from Turin past Milan and on to Brescia, but only one track is in use yet and there was a heavy stream of opposing traffic going to Turin for the motor show; a lot of slow deviations, too, where new bridges are being built. But even so our average from Turin to Milan was over 80 m.p.h. From Brescia onwards there is now a modern twin track autostrada past Verona to Soave where the Jaguar could hold its easy cruising speed of 105 to 115 m.p.h. But from Soave there is a slow stretch of 23 miles through the heavy Sunday traffic of Vicenza linking up with the next section of autostrada which goes almost all the way to Venice. This brought the average down considerably, but the 247 miles from the outskirts of Turin to the parking area at Venice were covered in 190 minutes at an average of 78 m.p.h., and even taking the time from the centre of Turin and including stops for fuel and a check on tyre pressures the overall average was well over 70 m.p.h. (The cost in autostrada tolls incidentally was 22s.)

The car could undoubtedly have done it a great deal faster, but with large numbers of Sunday drivers about it seemed wise to slow down to 50 and 60 quite a lot, especially when overtaking. When the twin tracks are open for the whole distance it should certainly be possible to do the trip in three hours without cruising at much more than 100 m.p.h. Whenever there is any talk of the need to increase traffic speed somebody is sure to come up with the lunatic question, "What do you do with the minutes you save?" Well, in England it would be difficult to do any trip of 250 miles in less than 6½ hours, so we saved three hours, which we spent enjoyably exploring Venice. At the same time I am not going to pretend that anyone can make full use of the fantastic performance you get from an E-type Jaguar without a good deal of experience. It has wonderfully good road-holding and I have several times brought it to a standstill from 100 m.p.h. in under six seconds. But fast driving does require a lot of concentration and sound judgment of distances, plus a sharp eye for changes in road surface. At the motor show test day at Goodwood the car I should have brought

to Italy was smashed up by a journalist who found himself going into a corner far too fast, and on the demonstration circuit at Turin the Jaguar importer, cornering on the limit—which is very fast indeed—was taken by surprise by some wet leaves and crashed into a lamp post, injuring himself and his passenger. The real pleasure in using a car like this is in the tremendous acceleration that takes it rocketing from 50 to 100 m.p.h. in about 11 seconds, so that one can use every clear stretch to the full, thus gaining time to take things more gently over the tricky bits.

In Venice we stored the car away in the garage, switched our baggage to a motor boat and drove in that down the Grand Canal to our hotel. Venice is not a city completely without traffic problems—I soon spotted some No Parking signs for gondoliers—but for all practical purposes it enjoys a state every other city in the world must envy, with no noise, no traffic jams and no diesel smoke beyond an occasional puff from a passing water bus. One other problem Venice has in common with other cities is development by people with money but no taste or conscience who are out to make a fast buck. "Italia Nostra," the society which is putting up a brave battle to save Italy from the vandals, has a startling exhibition here showing some of the awful things that have been done already; ugly new stories built on top of graceful old buildings and hideous new buildings quite out of character filling up the few open spaces. There is bitter opposition to the proposal to build an autostrada across the lagoon and for once, unusually, I am against the road builders.

Meanwhile the tourists are still pouring in. The Caronia tied up while we were there and at lunch that day an American blonde at the next table was asking the guide, "Is it true that Italians are magnificent lovers?" Her husband seemed to be taking remarkably little interest in the conversation. He was busy putting in his contact lenses to get a better look at the bill. There is still a steady stream of people through the deserted splendours of the Doges' Palace, and on Sunday the orchestra braved a chilly breeze to perform in St. Mark's Square. Out on the quayside the stalls were set up with glass and lace and all the other things tourists buy.

The Caronia's gangway was guarded by a crew man who dreamed only of getting back to Bootle, but we were enjoying our brief escape from the wheelborne world and its traffic problems.

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FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. P. S. Garlake and Miss R. N. M. Mallet

The engagement is announced between Peter Storr, son of Major-General and Mrs. S. Garlake, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, and Ragna Nesta Margaret, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Mallet, of Christmas House, Warsash, Hampshire, and 18 Vicarage Gate, London, W.8.

Mr. D. G. Goyder and Miss J. M. Dohoo

The engagement is announced between Daniel George, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Goyder, of Pindars, Rotherfield Greys, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon, and Jean Mary, elder daughter of the late Mr. K. G. A. Dohoo and of Mrs. Dohoo, 45 West Road, Saffron Walden, Essex.

Mr. B. W. M. Horsfield and Miss V. A. Allden

The engagement is announced between Brian William Machin, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Horsfield, of West Africa, and Farnham, and Valerie Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Allden, of Foxwood House, Little Austins, Farnham, Surrey.

Mr. G. P. S. Delisle and Miss P. M. Hurry

The engagement is announced between Peter, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Delisle, of St. Kitts, West Indies, and 28 Trevor Square, S.W.7, and Priscilla, only daughter of Captain G. E. Hurry, R.N., and Mrs. Hurry, of Chapman's, New Ranges, Shoeburyness, Essex.

Mr. P. G. Brannan and Miss A. J. E. Whitson

The engagement is announced between Peter Geoffrey, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Brannan, Rose Croft, The Lonsties, Keswick, and Annabel Jane Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Whitson, Stoneycroft, Newlands, Keswick.

Mr. T. J. T. Lacey and Miss A. P. Henly-Stuart

The engagement is announced between Timothy John Twyford, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lacey, of Little Orchard, Sunbury-on-Thames, and Anne Patricia, daughter of Major and Mrs. R. W. Henly-Stuart, of The Beeches, Hartley Wintney, Hampshire.

Mr. N. L. Robinson and Miss A. M. Sandford

The engagement is announced between Norman, the only son of the late Mr. Robert Lewis Robinson and of Mrs. Robinson, of Headley Down, Borden, and Armine Margaret, daughter of Dr. F. Rossall Sandford, C.B.E., M.C., T.D., and Mrs. Sandford, of 38 Barnfield Road, Exeter.

Mr. W. P. Derryhouse and Miss B. M. Richardson

The engagement is announced between William Peter Derryhouse, 10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales's Own), son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Derryhouse, The Hollies, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, and Bridget Mary, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Alan Richardson, of Southrop Manor, Lechlade, Gloucestershire.

Mr. A. Pope and Miss R. Kearsley

The engagement is announced between Alan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pope, of Cuckmans Farm, St. Albans, and Rosemary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kearsley, of Edge Hill, Radlett, Herts.

Mr. J. P. Hudson and Miss M. R. Craufurd

The engagement is announced between John Peter, son of Colonel C. J. P. Hudson, and of Mrs. M. St. W. Hudson, of Oxford, and Margaret Ruth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Craufurd, of Brightwood, Tring.


Mr. J. R. Edwardes Jones and Miss J. C. Morgan

The engagement is announced between John, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Edwardes Jones, of Serag Oak, Wadhurst, Sussex, and Caroline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Morgan, of Caerlan, East Molesey, Surrey.


Major S. C. S. King and Miss P. E. Coppinger

The engagement is announced between Simon Charles Stuart King, Royal Engineers, son of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles King, K.B.E., C.B., and Lady King, of Walsham House, Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk, and Priscilla Elizabeth, daughter of the late Commander Brendan Coppinger, Royal Navy, and Mrs. Coppinger, of The West House, Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk.


The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line.




MAGIE or TRESOR 79/8
Perfume, Eau Parfumée,
Talc, Soap.




JOYEUX ETE, PRINTEMPS,
AUTOMNE or HIVER 24/3
Eau de Senteur.




MAGIE, TRESOR, ENVOL,
FLECHES D'OR 23/4
4 Perfumes in casket.



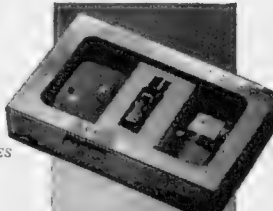
MAGIE 54/1
Perfume.



MAGIE or 13 other Lancome
perfumes each 22/1.



MAGIE, TRESOR, FLECHES
or MARRAKECH 13/3
Perfume, Eau Parfumée,
Soap.



For Christmas give her a coveted French perfume like MAGIE, dazzling, provoking, a world masterpiece—

LANCÔME

or FLECHES D'OR, a bouquet of freshness—ENVOL, an intriguing floral fantasy—TRESOR, spicy—or MARRAKECH, mysterious.

Lancôme, a personal gift to cherish and enjoy.

DINING IN

Helen Burke

A hamburger a day

MANY PEOPLE CLAIM THAT THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC AMERICAN FOOD is the hamburger, which first appeared at the St. Louis Fair in 1903-4. It is said the name came from the habit of walking cattle long distances to Hamburg, so that they arrived in a toughened condition, and the flesh to be edible had to be minced. Hamburgers have today reached such a stage of popularity in the U.S. that on a recent visit to New York I came across a book giving 365 different ways of cooking them—one for every day of the year. There are hamburgers and hamburgers, but for my part the only one that matters is made of minced good-quality raw beef—not necessarily an expensive cut—and seasoning, nothing else. No breadcrumbs and no chopped onions. Gather together the minced lean raw beef, seasoned to taste, in round, flat cakes, 6 oz. each and between $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 inch thick. Some people broil (grill) and others fry them. The important thing is to form the cakes without pressure, because that would make them too firm and dryish. And they must not be pressed during the cooking, as so many people are tempted to do.

Generally, hamburgers are served sandwiched between fresh, soft bap-like rolls. Or they can be served, without baps, with a sour cream sauce, simply made by pouring the cream into the pan in which they were fried. The best fat for them is a little beef dripping. Blanched, thinly-sliced Spanish onions are served with hamburgers, together with ketchup and, particularly, a good relish containing both green and red sweet peppers, melon, onion, sugar and very mild cider vinegar. I must say that in both New York and New Jersey I found that hamburgers were one of the best of all dishes in restaurants.

Hamburgers are comparatively new. CLAM CHOWDER is a much more traditional dish in the United States. It is also made in Canada. When I was a child on Vancouver Island we had a beautiful sandy beach on which, when the tide went out, we used to dig for clams. In this country, we rarely get fresh clams, but canned ones are available; or cockles can stand in for them. All New Englanders claim that their Clam Chowder is the correct one. Here, using canned clams, is the recipe: For 4 to 5 servings, gently fry in the soup pot 3 oz. salt pork, cut into smallish dice. Failing salt pork use pickled pork. When the fat has exuded and the pork is crisp and golden, remove the pieces. Gently fry a finely-chopped Spanish onion in the fat, then add 2 breakfastcups of raw potatoes, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch dice. Shake them over the heat to coat them with the fat as they cook slowly for 7 to 10 minutes. Work a rounded tablespoon of flour into the mixture, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water. When it has boiled and thickened, add a small can of minced clams and their liquor and $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 cups of milk. Boil up, taste and season. At the last minute, add 1 oz. butter and the heated crisped pork. Serve cream crackers with this chowder. MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER is another version. Follow the same recipe, but use tomato juice instead of the milk. I have also enjoyed a Clam Chowder containing sweet red peppers cut in strips (the canned ones and their juice are best for this), but they are not a part of the real dish.

I have often made a chowder, following the New England recipe, using mussels in place of clams, and I think they are even better. Get the cooking well on the way before opening 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of mussels in the usual way—that is, boiling them for up to six minutes in a tightly covered pan, with a small glass of dry white wine and a *bouquet garni*. By that time the shells should have opened. Remove the mussels. Strain

their stock through a cloth and use it instead of the water, with added water, if necessary, to make up $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Add the mussels at the very last minute, as they are much more pleasant if not overcooked.

On both the east and west coasts of Canada and the United States, CLAM BAKES are one of the most popular kinds of seaside parties. I suppose it is purely academic to give the recipe here, but I shall do so as a matter of interest. First, the clams are gathered, cleaned and encouraged to spit out their sand by immersing them in sea water. A quart of clams is allowed for each person. A large enough pit, about a foot deep, is dug in the sand, and a layer of largish stones is placed in the bottom and covered with wood, which is then set alight. It takes some time for the stones to become very hot. The ashes are removed and a shallow bed of seaweed is placed on the stones. A piece of chicken wire, large enough to cover and extend beyond the hole, is placed on it. The clams are placed on the wire, covered with another layer of seaweed and a piece of canvas to keep in the steam. After about an hour, the clams are ready with a beautiful sea flavour. "Bake" is a misnomer. The clams are actually steamed.

WAFFLES are as American as Clam Chowder and, if you have a waffle iron, electric or not, they are easy to make. They lend themselves to almost unlimited variations, both sweet and savoury. Here is the basic recipe for sweet waffles: Sift into a basin 6 oz. self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Add 2 beaten eggs and, gradually, 7 liquid ounces of top milk and 2 tablespoons of melted unsalted butter. The batter should be as thick as medium cream. Get the iron hot. Drop a good tablespoon of the batter into the centre, close the iron and leave it so until the steaming has ended. Cook other waffles in the same way. They should not stick, as the butter has taken care of that. If a non-electric iron is used over heat, it will be advisable to reverse it after a minute or two, so that each side of the waffle is well browned.

A favourite way of serving waffles is with maple syrup. Other ways are with apricot sauce or honey syrup (four parts warmed golden syrup and one part honey) or apple or raspberry jelly. For savoury waffles, omit the sugar. Bacon ones are made this way: Having poured the batter into the hot iron, sprinkle it with finely chopped raw or boiled bacon, close the iron and cook as above.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE is, truly, a "classic" American—and Canadian—sweet. Line a pie plate, 7 to 8 inches in diameter, with rich short crust pastry, fork it all over, fill it with greaseproof paper and beans or bread crusts and bake it to a pale gold in the usual way, while preparing the filling. Mix together 2 oz. bread flour, a pinch of salt and 4 to 5 oz. of granulated sugar. Stir into them $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of boiling water and bring the mixture to the boil again. Stir while it cooks for 10 minutes. Add a large teaspoon of butter. Beat together the yolks of 3 eggs and the juice and finely grated rind of a large lemon. Stir a little of the cooled sauce into them then add this to the remainder of the sauce. Spread this filling into the baked flan shell. For the meringue part of the pie, whip the egg whites and a pinch of salt until very stiff. Fold in 4 rounded tablespoons of icing sugar, sifted with a pinch of cream of tartar. Pile on top of the lemon filling, making sure that it touches the edges of the pastry all round, and bake at 300 degrees Fahr., or gas mark 2 for about 30 minutes or until it is golden toned. Serve before the pie has become quite cold. In place of bread flour, cornflour can be used.

MAN'S WORLD *continued from page 571*

bar on its buckle, or the hidden-zippered side pockets on some dress trousers.

What are we likely to get from America in the near future? Well, recently a show of casual, Western and working clothes was held at the newly-opened U.S. Trade Center (Centre) in St. James's Street. It resulted in many agencies for American firms being established, and we can expect to see the results in British stores quite soon. Better living

standards in America, increased free time and an emphasis on casual living have made them leaders in leisure clothes. It will be interesting to see if the Western wear catches on over here—TV seems to be doing its share of the promotion. Incidentally, the blue jeans come under positively judicial size categories—"slim," "regular" and "husky." Finally, a quote from Marlene Dietrich, talking about men's clothes: "Only Englishmen can wear brown rough suits and brown heavy-soled shoes and look elegant. Nobody else should try it."



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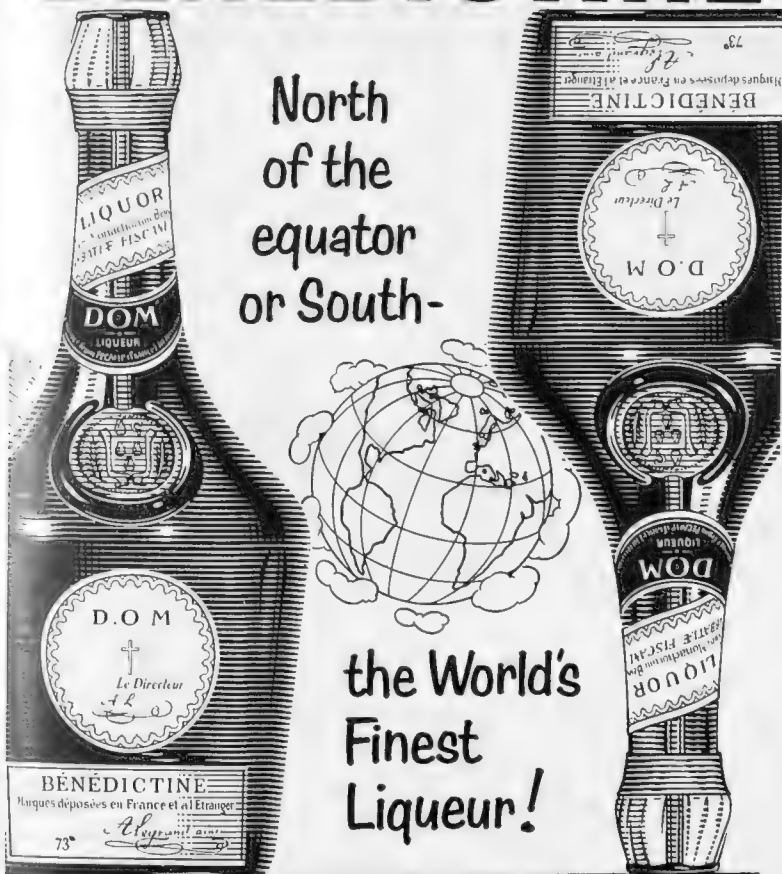


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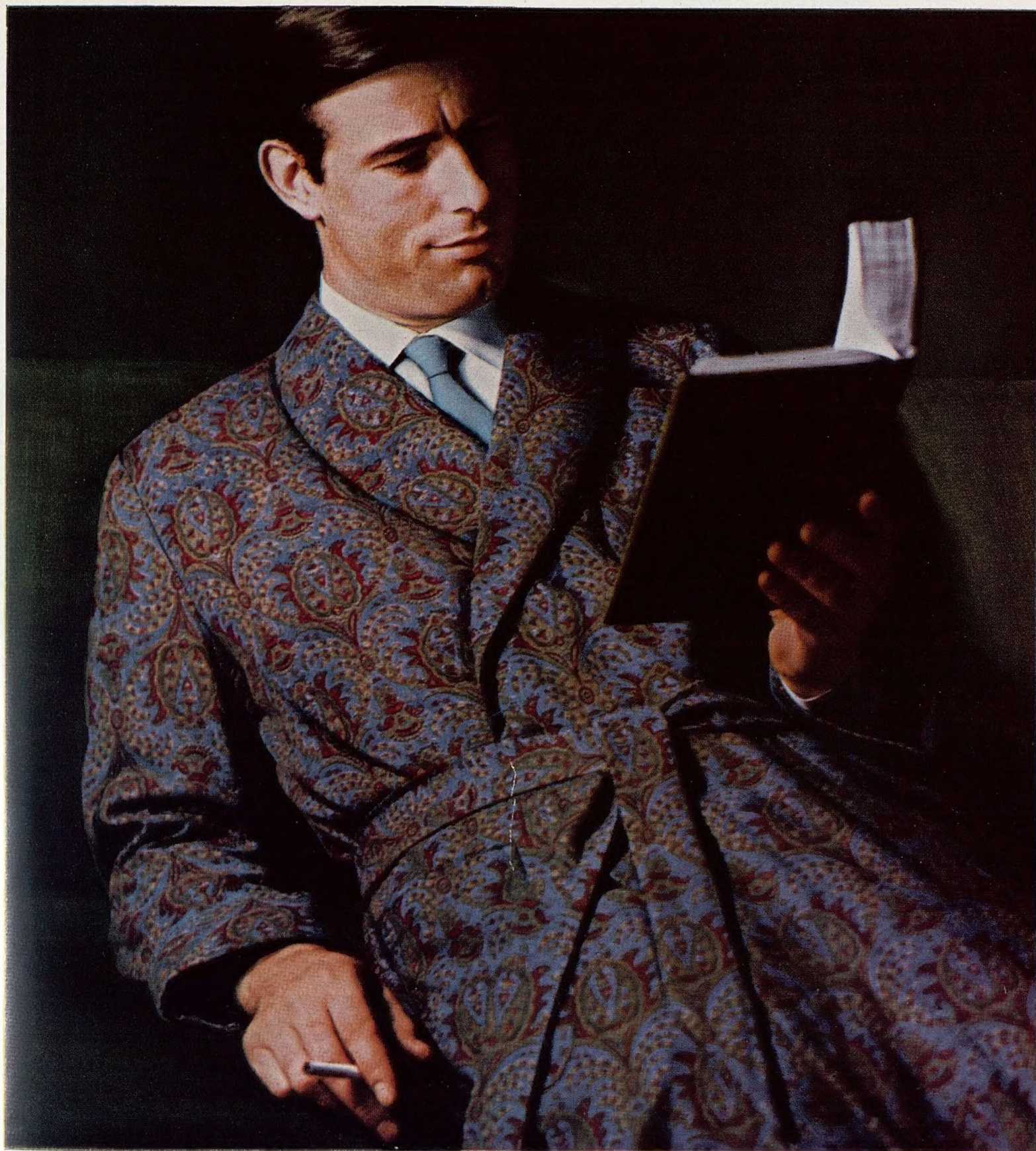
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Modin—Rellie: Anna-Lisa, daughter of the late Maj. C. Modin, and Mrs. Modin, of Sedlescombe, Sussex, was married to Alastair, son of the late

Cmdr. W. & Mrs. Rellie, of Bramley

Steedman—Lucas: Susan Mary, daughter of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. J. F. D. Steedman, Upper Park Rd., Camberley, was married to Capt. Peter Lucas, son of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. G. Lucas, Linkway, Camberley



Yevonde

Miss Felicity Ann Dorenda Hampton Hall to Mr. Christopher de B. Codrington. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. John Hall, M.P., & Mrs. Hall, of Kensington Court Gardens, W.8. He is the son of Prof. & Mrs. K. de B. Codrington, of Tonbridge



Vandyk

Miss Cecille Cairns to Mr. Ian Stuart Begg. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. A. F. Cairns, of Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. L. Begg, of Canterway, Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire



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Miss Eleanor Lucy Burton to Mr. John Michael Hawes. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Gerard Burton, of The Reddings House, Cheltenham. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. W. Hawes, of Minsterworth, Gloucester

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